



George Gardiner, Bay Guardian Co.

The medical crisis in Vietnam

“It’s Appalling,” Says a Doctor

By Dr. Henry Mayer  
as told to Daille Rupnik

(Dr. Mayer, a Redwood City internist, recently returned from South Vietnam as a member of a three man team of physicians that investigated the medical treatment of civilian war casualties.)

Imagine only 150 doctors to care for the medical needs of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago and Cleveland.

This today is the state of medicine in South Vietnam: 150 South Vietnamese doctors for 12,000,000 people, or one doctor for 80,000 people in a time of war and plague.\* Other statistics are equally shocking:

70,000 persons displaced each month from their homes.\*

50,000 civilian casualties a year by estimate of the Vietnamese Ministry of Health.

585 patients in a 200-bed hospital.\*

We are accustomed to thinking of the war in Vietnam in terms of figures and body count. Well, these are new ones and they add up to a medical crisis in South Vietnam.

I went to Vietnam as one of three representatives of the Committee for Responsibility, which was formed in November, 1966, to provide specialized medical care in the U.S. for war-injured Vietnamese children. The other two members: Dr. John Constable, plastic surgeon from Boston, and Dr. Theodore Tapper, pediatrician from Philadelphia.

Our mission: not to do a statistical survey of casualties, but to find children in need for treatment. However, what stands out from our trip is the medical crisis in Vietnam.

IN a word, it is appalling.

Like any other “underdeveloped country,” Vietnam has its share of poverty, lack of sanitation, skin disease, malnutrition and infectious disease. Life expectancy at birth is 35 years, but half the children won’t reach five years. An estimated 15% of adults have tuberculosis, gonorrhea is widespread.

Medical care was inadequate before the war. Add the war, and the picture deteriorates.

The U.S. alone, according to Newsweek magazine of Dec. 5, 1966, uses in Vietnam 1,000 tons of ammunition a day excluding bombs. More bombs are dropped there per week than in Africa and Europe during peak bombing periods in World War II. “Bombs” include napalm, anti-personnel fragments and phosphorus.

Obviously, war on this scale produces many civilian casualties. The Ministry of Health estimates civilian casualties (only those who make it to hospitals) in South Vietnam at 50,000 a year. Sen. Edward Kennedy, D-Mass., put the annual figure at 100,000.

Our committee found there is no way of knowing the actual number of casualties, since poor records are kept and since there is no organized program of evacuating wound-



Dr. Mayer’s Vietnam  
--more pictures on Page 3

What’s the matter with SF State?

By Douglas Dibble

The presidency of John Summerskill is seriously threatened by a political and racial backlash whipping across the San Francisco State College campus.

Summerskill’s hectic first year on the job ended earlier this month when the tough-minded educator became the target of an attack masterminded by two conservative, highly energetic and dedicated students.

Their efforts, which caught the ear of Max Rafferty, prompted an investigation into campus activities by Chancellor Glenn S. Dumke.

The students worked hard to enlist state college trustees in their get-Summerskill movement, but the trustees wisely agreed at their last meeting to do nothing until they hear from Dumke.

What Dumke, a conservative former SF State president, will say is anyone’s guess. So far he is playing it cool, saying he is investigating only because of the serious nature of the charges. Otherwise, he said, the situation essentially is a college problem to be handled by students, faculty and administration.

Working through a faction of the new student government, the activist student duo has put out several anti-Summerskill broadsides, alleging

that his administration is inept and that the 42-year-old psychologist toadies to campus leftists. Both charges are absurd.

IT IS no secret Dumke and some trustees have been upset with State happenings of recent vintage. This year saw a boycott over prices of the campus cafeteria, a sit-in in Summerskill’s office, demonstrations at his inaugural and a final edition of a student publication, The Open Process, that was sprinkled with words and pictures that drive trustees to god knows what.

Turmoil also swirled over threatened budget cuts and tuition hikes, an inadequate presidential staff (since remedied) and a student political battle of awesome complexities.

A central issue in the state struggle is the Black Students Union, a student group that rated high priority from previous student liberal administrations.

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# CONTINUING THE STRANGE STORY OF DR. FORT'S FIRING

# When secretary Dinah Prentice lost her job--was it just coincidence?

By our correspondent

SAN FRANCISCO — This is the story of a coincidence, the kind commonly called remarkable.

It's the story of Dinah Prentice, Dr. Joel Fort's secretary before his dismissal as director of the Center for Special Problems, and how she learned one day that her own employment had been terminated, retroactively.

IT ADDED, as you see, a new category of civil service dismissals — the retroactive firing.

MRS. Prentice and her husband, a graduate student at San Francisco State College, came here early this year after serving with the Peace Corps in Colombia.

Fort hired her as his secretary, but her payroll classification was that of clerk-typist. A person thus directly hired holds no Civil Service status and can work for 90 days only, unless a civil service examination is taken and passed.

Mrs. Prentice took the examination around March 1 and passed. Early the next month, she was notified by mail to report for a physical examination and the other steps necessary for certification to a permanent position under civil service.

The notice she received by mail indicated she was to report to the Social Services Department. Since she already had a position at the center, Mrs. Prentice says, she thought someone had typed in "social services" by mistake.

SHE WENT through the certifying routine — physical, fingerprinting, etc. — on April 11, then hurried back to the center.

"Nobody said anything about social services, and I didn't take the time to inquire, as we were very busy here right then," she says.

Fort's ouster was brewing at the time. He was subsequently dismissed

by Dr. Ellis D. Sox, city health director, on charges so absurd that almost everybody, except San Francisco's two daily newspapers, felt a sense of outrage. (Fort's firing was fully reported in the last edition of The Guardian.)

Fort, ordered to pack and leave the premises immediately, refused. Several days later, Dr. J. M. Stubblebine, chief of the city's mental health services but a stranger to the 17-month-old center created by Fort, made the long journey out Van Ness avenue, not to inspect this unique program that had won national recognition, but to see that Fort got the hell out of there.

HE encountered a slight delay. Mrs. Prentice, who lacked the experience that teaches a secretary when to discriminate in her efficiency, said Fort was busy, please take a seat. Those who know him say this incident, trivial though it was, might well have a thermal effect on Stubblebine.

Be that as it may, on the Tuesday after the Civil Service Commission hearing on Fort's firing — Tuesday, May 2 — a Winifred Jones appeared at the Center for Special Problems and announced she was to replace Mrs. Prentice.

She was, in the civil service vernacular, "investigating" — that is, looking over a job to determine if she'd like to take it. A candidate for a job has three waivers.

A WEEK or so later a reporter, getting wind of the sudden replacement, called on Mrs. Prentice at the center. (She was still on the job, since

Miss Jones was not scheduled to report for duty until May 16.)

"There's no connection with Dr. Fort," Mrs. Prentice said. "It's just a coincidence that it happened now."

A pure coincidence? How could she be so certain?

"Well, they said it was purely a coincidence, and from what they showed me I guess they're right."

Who might "they" be?

"Civil service."

MARGARET Farr, chief of the clerk-typists at the center, seemed so anxious to convey the impression that the replacement of Fort's secretary was "nothing but a coincidence" that she gave a quick course in civil service procedures to prove her theory.

The girl at the counter at civil service appeared oddly reluctant to let the reporter, who identified himself, see her boss.

"We all handle assignments," she said. "The person you're inquiring about, I probably handled part of her case, and somebody else probably."

No case was mentioned, let alone the sex.

"Please, I'm not interested in probabilities, I'm interested in facts. I want to see the man in charge here."

THE man in charge — Dan Friedman, supervisor of assignments — was affable, surprisingly knowledgeable and just a bit psychic.

Or so it seemed. No sooner did he hear the name of Dinah Prentice, than he spoke up: "There's no story there."

"No story?"

"Absolutely. No connection whatever with Dr. Fort's dismissal. A pure coincidence, that's all. You've got no story."

HE took kindly the suggestion that he leave the matter of a story judgment up to the reporter, and for the next two hours he patiently explained why it was all a pure coincidence.

"Why, I didn't even know Mrs. Prentice was working out there. So far as we knew, that job was vacant..."

"It works like this: we get a requisition from a department — in this case, the Health Department — and we simply send over the girl at the top of the eligible list..."

"Mrs. Prentice was non-civ (non-Civil Service) before she took the examination, and she's still non-civ because she was terminated for failure to report to the Social Services Department to which she was certified..."

"I begged her to stay on and take a transfer but she wouldn't. We simply can't get clerk-typists. The examination for that job is continuous, we just can't get them..."

If that were so, why wasn't Miss Jones assigned somewhere else and Mrs. Prentice kept on — particularly, since her experience in that secretarial post would be invaluable to an acting director?

"We just fill requisitions," Friedman said.

When did this requisition come in? This question was asked at various times over a period of about an hour, and finally he checked a large ledger and said, "On March 15, 1967, so, you see, there's no connection at all with the dismissal of Dr. Fort."

"MARCH 15 to May 2 — why did it take so long to fill that requisition?"

tion?"

"You see, as I explained, a girl can waive a job, and that means she can't be assigned to the same department. They get three waivers, and they're waiving jobs all the time."

"But since there's such a shortage of clerk-typists, and the examination is continuous — why should it take so long?"

"WELL, you see, as I said..."

There was a letter in the Prentice file, a brief letter of termination from the personnel officer at Social Services. It said, indeed, that Dinah Prentice was terminated, effective April 11, 1967; the reason: failure to report for duty.

The letter itself was dated May 2, 1967 — the day that Winifred Jones reported at the center as Mrs. Prentice's replacement.

How come?

"Routine," said Friedman. "A girl doesn't show up and so she's terminated."

BUT THAT was the day — April 11 — on which she was certified to social services, three weeks earlier than the letter of termination. If she didn't show up after a day or two, why didn't social services make inquiry?

"Oh, a girl might get the job in New York and it might take her two or three weeks to get out here," Friedman readily explained. "They wouldn't know that at social services."

But the point is, why did the man at social services write this letter of termination on the very day that Miss Jones showed up at the Center for Special Problems?

"That's easy," said Friedman. "I called and told him to write it."

"You did?"

"Purely routine. These things slip their mind."

The personnel officer at another department, hearing that the letter terminated Mrs. Prentice as of April 11, shook his head as he said:

"The day she took her physical? That's strange."

What they call a strange coincidence.

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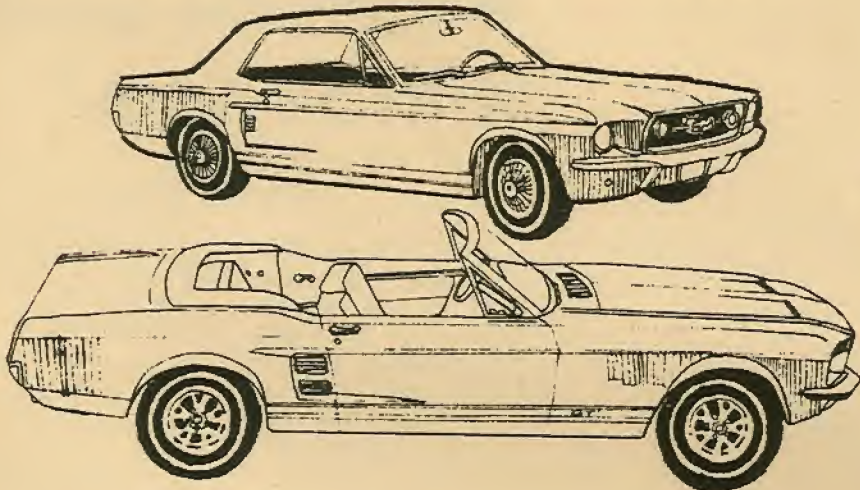
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## Hospitals 'overwhelmed by human bodies'

—From page 1

ed civilians by Vietnamese or American authorities.

Figures on burn victims are especially unreliable: since those severely burned persons seldom make it to hospitals, and those who do often die. In a province hospital, we were told of two children sitting on a dike fishing when a U.S. plane returned Vietcong ground fire. The children, caked from head to foot with phosphorus, jumped into the water, and weren't picked up until an hour later by a local bus. When the children reached the hospital, they were covered with mud, and still smoking. They died that night.

Besides war injuries are the war-related problems: injury from military vehicles; gasoline burns (gasoline used for stoves because of kerosene shortage caused by war); increase in disease, epidemics and malnutrition due to dislocation of people and conditions in "refugee" camps.

The World Health Organization reported an increase of 25,000 cases of cholera in 1964. Incidence of the plague and tuberculosis has increased.

Constant bombing brings terrific psychologic dislocations with little security. The Saigon Director of Police has been quoted as saying that suicides rose 50% from 1965 to 1966; recently group suicide pacts among teenagers have been reported.

Countless numbers of children are orphaned. Packs of children roam the streets of Saigon, begging and scavenging. Scores came up to us, big-eyed and dirty, selling gum, selling their sisters, sometimes grabbing our hands, staying with us for blocks, hoping we would take care of them.

What facilities are there to care for these suffering people? Look at the ratio of doctors to population. There are 1,000 to 1,100 doctors in Vietnam; of these, about 700 are in the military. One-half of the remaining 300 are in private practice, mostly in Saigon with its three million population. This leaves about 150 doctors to care for nearly 12,000,000 people.

The mind boggles at the logistic problems this presents. Given only normal ailments and accidents, adequate medical care is incom-

prehensible. For example, many Vietnamese doctors are poorly trained by our standards—some don't understand that patient and donor must be matched for blood type. Paramedical personnel are also scarce—there are nine nurses per 100,000 people. We were told that only 2% of the nation's budget goes to the Ministry of Health.

What about hospitals? There is one hospital for each of 46 provinces, one to four doctors per hospital. We visited 35 of these hospitals. A look at the provincial hospital at Nha-Trang points up the seriousness of the situation.

Upon entering, we were hit by an overpowering stench from the open sewer around the U-shaped courtyard. We went through the wards: The hospital was jammed with people, mostly women, children and the elderly, generally two to a bed. (We often were told "the Vietnamese like it that way," but this point was refuted by Vietnamese themselves.)

Each patient, if lucky, had his family camped behind his bed, to care for and feed him, and to fan away the swarming flies. A skeleton nursing crew administered medicine. Janitors were scarce.

Nha-Trang had no water the two days we were there. It was short of drugs and many supplies.

Since Vietnamese rarely give blood, it was always in short supply. Outdated Army blood was commonly used.

Nha-Trang illustrates problems our committee found typical in the hospitals: unbelievable lack of sanitary facilities; overcrowding (worse in areas of heavy fighting such as Da Nang, where we picked our way among stretchers covering the floor); shortages of basic medicine and equipment; lack or shortage of water; inadequate paramedical personnel.

The Ministry of Health allotted only 8¢ a day per patient for food, which we often saw being prepared in dirty, dingy kitchens. Hospital conditions varied: in fairness, it should be pointed out that a few hospitals in Saigon and the Delta were reasonably clean and provided adequate care.

A chronic problem in provincial hospitals was the lack of supplies. All hospitals we visited reported

shortages of various essential drugs and yet US-AID stocked seven Saigon warehouses with medical supplies, supplies for the Ministry of Health. Inefficiency was blamed for the bottleneck in distribution, but two doctors told us of widespread graft and black markets.

As our trip progressed, certain problems stood out. There is a great need for health and safety education, especially to warn children of the danger of grenades, flares and phosphorus bombs. Lack of wounded civilian evacuation accounts for a great number of casualties—at present most admissions spend an average of 24-36 hours on route to hospital. Some spend as long as four days.

Persons seldom make it to hospital's with compound fractures, internal injuries and severe burns; if they do, they are often severely infected by the time they are treated. Only limited plastic surgery facilities are available for burn cases.

A major problem is the huge and increasing number of compound fractures, often resulting in amputations. Existing facilities, our committee was told, will take at least five years to catch up with the present need of prostheses for amputees, providing there are no new cases.

Several programs are at work to alleviate these problems in Vietnam. MILPHAP (Military Provincial Hospital Assistance Program) sends teams of one to six doctors, corpsmen, technicians and anesthesiologists to hospitals. They work hard under difficult conditions.

"Third world" medical teams, from New Zealand, West Germany, Australia, Spain, Formosa and the Philippines, aid hospitals. Under the AMA's Project Vietnam, American doctors stay two months. AMA has a program to raise the output of doctors from the medical school in Saigon. The Red Cross and various religious groups also give medical aid.

It is disheartening to realize that all of these in-country programs, though laudable in intent, require the stability and hope of peace to be effective. Now that human bodies simply overwhelm the medical facilities, adequate treatment isn't possible in the foreseeable future. This was pointed out graphically to us by a Vietnamese father who had heard of COR, and pleaded with us to send his badly burned 12-year-old daughter to the U.S. for reconstructive care.

The Committee's immediate concern is severely injured children—those who will die without proper care, and those whose maimed bodies need specialized care. COR offers hospital beds and advanced medical care in the U.S. to supplement in an extremely limited way existing Vietnamese facilities. This care is available — for a handful of children now, for up to 30 a month later—if and when approval of the COR program is forthcoming from the South Vietnamese government.

<sup>1</sup>150 doctors per 12 million people figure: Ambassador Vu Van Thai, quoted in the AMA News, October, 1966.

<sup>2</sup>70,000 displaced person: New York Times, October, 1966.

<sup>3</sup>585 patient figure: Dr. Mayer's investigation.



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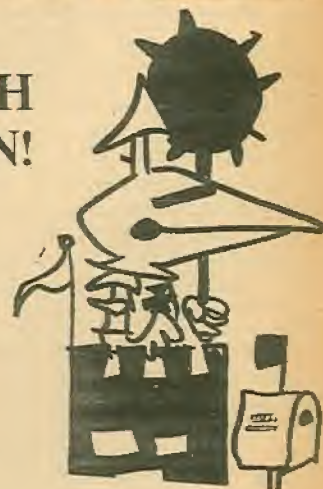
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Gov. Reagan at his State Capitol press conference.

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Bay Guardian

Reagan's weekly press conferences in the State Capitol, which usually attract a full house, amaze veteran political writers who cover them regularly.

The freshman governor frequently makes errors in his replies to questions, appears uncertain or confused and scrambles his syntax in the manner of former President Eisenhower.

Yet, on the evening TV newscasts, Reagan looks great. He oozes sincerity and boyish charm. Many newsmen admit they often wonder if what they see on the television screen is the same press conference they covered in person.

That's show biz, as they say in politics these days.

One of the knottiest problems confronting Gov. Reagan's administration concerns the distribution of thousands of California state road maps.

It may not appear to be much of a problem, but its delightful ingredients must all be savored to appreciate fully its enormity.

The maps, which are quite good, were produced a year ago at a cost of more than \$90,000. Republicans promptly protested. They didn't mind the maps. What they objected to was the full color portrait of then-Democratic Gov. Brown prominently displayed on the map cover.

The way the Republicans saw it, Brown bought \$90,000 worth of free campaign publicity with the taxpayers' money. And, just maybe, they had a point.

At any rate, Brown is out and Reagan is in, and the maps are in limbo. Not a single one has been distributed by the State Tourism and Visitor Services Bureau since Republicans assumed office.

They haven't figured out what to do about Brown's picture. Draw a big X over it? Paint a mustache on it? Paste Reagan's picture over it?

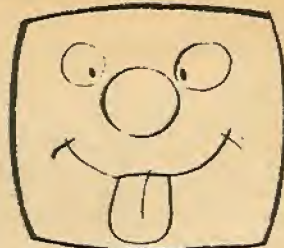
Our economy-minded administration wouldn't just throw them away, would it?

(In other jolly economies: Reagan sent his first printing job — 1,737,000 spelling primers — out of state to a non-union printing plant in Arizona.)

T. Jack Foster's organization has grabbed the ear of William Randolph Hearst, Jr. and Charles Gould, Hearst publishers, in a desperate attempt to head off a series in the S.F. Examiner on Foster City and Redwood Shores, two controversial San Mateo County bayfill developments. But is still looked, at presstime, as if Bill O'Brien's series would run. Nonetheless, speculation is justified: The Ex got the tip on the sellout Benicia waterfront development, but it shied away and left the story to the Chronicle's George Draper to unfold in three excellent installments. More: it had the Wolden story first, but didn't know what to do with it.

KQED's hiring of Mel Wax away from the San Francisco Chronicle is the latest incident in the cold war between the two. Wax, the Chronicle's city hall reporter and regional affairs commentator, will take over as public affairs director of the educational television station.

The Chronicle has cooled to KQED over the last year or so and its KQED coverage has gone down proportionately (until it barely mentioned KQED's recent highly successful auction). The reason: The Chronicle's fixation, emanating from its publisher, Charles deYoung Theroit, on "competition": KQED is now apparently "competition" to the monopoly giant (presumably to its radio and television stations).



How does it happen that Republicans statewide, including the governor and, one would assume, his Southern California financial fat cats, are throwing their weight behind the candidacy of San Francisco's mild-mannered Judge Milton Marks in his effort to win the seat of the late Gene McAteer in the State Senate?

Marks may be a registered Republican, but his vote was so un-Republican when he served in the Assembly that former Gov. Brown awarded him with a judgeship coveted by several party-lining Democrats. His record in the Legislature seemed unlikely to attract the fancy, and finances, of such as Henry Salvatori, rock-ribbed conservative and Gov. Reagan's chief financial backer.

So why the support now? In the first place, a conservative Republican probably just couldn't win in San Francisco, not for all the chicken dinners at Knott's Berry Farm. In the second place, the chance for Republicans to win parity in the State Senate (if Marks wins, it will be 20-20, with Republican Lt. Gov. Robert Finch breaking tie votes) is worth the gamble on Marks' less than conservative record. In the third place, Republicans won't be the only ones rejoicing if the Burton Party loses an election—for a change.

The word is out in California Democratic party circles to "cold shoulder" former Gov. Brown until he abandons the surprising "spoiler" role he has adopted of late.

Brown upset a recent unity meeting of party leaders in Sacramento with a free-swinging attack on Assembly Speaker Jesse M. Unruh, who generally is credited with doing a good job as the party's chief spokesman in the Capitol.

The usually jovial ex-governor also made noises about heading a presidential primary delegation pledged to President Johnson next year, just as party leaders were planning a unity ticket led by Atty. Gen. Thomas C. Lynch.

The volunteer California Democratic Council's (CDC) proposal to sponsor a "peace delegation" in next year's presidential primary, in opposition to President Johnson's Vietnam war policies, is beginning to take its toll.

Already in desperate financial straits and faced with declining membership, the CDC finds itself being censured by official party groups in counties up and down the state. Many affiliated local clubs are dropping out.

The biggest shakeup occurred in the Palo Alto-Stanford Democratic Club, whose 480 members comprise the second largest CDC club in the state behind the 800-member Beverly Hills unit.

## In Sacramento: Business as usual

By our correspondent

Gov. Reagan has told Californians that taxes should hurt. But California legislators this year are providing some pain killers—with very limited application.

Businessmen will get the remedies, and individual taxpayers will be left with their full share of new taxes, likely to exceed \$1 billion next year.

Reagan's tax program calls for increases in business taxes. But the legislature is producing a few windfalls to ease the shock for oil companies, Pacific Telephone Co. and new car dealers.

The fact that a new Republican administration—cordial to business—took office last year has little to do with the file of bills introduced giving tax breaks and other aid to businesses. Democrats as well as Republicans in the legislature traditionally have held a soft spot for business, represented by well-paid, persistent lobbyists. Some of this year's action:

Legislative passage of a bill giving a \$5 million tax break to large corporations, notably the Pacific Telephone Co.

Assembly rejection of a bill that would have raised California's oil severance tax from a \$2 million annual revenue to about \$50 million, in keeping with other oil-producing states.

Senate passage of a bill allowing new car dealers more of a chance to regulate themselves, including running their own appeals board hearings.

Most of these measures travel through the Legislature and reach the statue books with little fanfare. In committee hearings, they're often

described as "technical" bills and get little attention from the press, or from otherwise watchful lawmakers.

The bill setting up a New Car Dealers Policy and Appeals Board met no opposition and was passed unanimously in the Senate. The

### DATELINE SACRAMENTO

author, Republican Sen. Gordon Cologne of Riverside County, explained that the car dealers wouldn't be regulating themselves because, after all, six members of the 11-man appeals board would be from the general public.

"ONLY" five members of the board would be car dealers, Cologne said. Former Democratic Gov. Edmund G. Brown vetoed similar bills during his administration. Chances are good that Reagan won't follow Brown's example.

The oil severance tax bill is another perennial proposal, but it's an anti-business bill that promises to be perennial for many years to come.

Oil companies stand to win more benefits from a bill by Democratic Sen. George Miller of Contra Costa County. Miller's bill provides that when corporations with parent companies or subsidiaries out of state are taxed in California for the income of the entire firm, inter-company

dividends won't be included.

The bill passed the Senate unanimously and was approved in the Assembly, 54-6.

THE telephone company, opponents argued, would receive a good portion of the windfall at the same time it was seeking a rate increase.

One of the Legislature's most amiable friends of business is a new member, Republican Sen. William Coombs of San Bernardino County. Coombs so far hasn't had much luck with his legislation.

The portly senator sounds sensible most of the time, but the fine print in his bills is startling. For example:

One of Coombs' bills would have required the state to bear financial responsibility for loans to industries coming into California. The logical side of the bill was to attract new business to the state. But to do this, a private corporation would have been set up and the state would have guaranteed all the corporation's loans.

Language in another Coombs' bill would have prevented labor unions from seeking any contracts with provisions threatening business operations or interfering with profits.

On the surface, this meant an attack on make-work rules or feather-bedding. But one union official commented that companies could be prevented from offering vacations, health insurance or pensions. Coombs promised to amend the bill to take away that doubt.

But perhaps the new senator was unwise. He may not have understood how much a legislator is able to do to help California businessmen.

## Antietam - the second big battle

By our correspondent

Less than 100 miles from Washington lies the Antietam Battlefield, scene of the bloodiest battle of the Civil War.

Long tranquil—hardly changed from the three days almost 105 years ago when it witnessed the wounding or death of more than 22,000 soldiers clad in blue or grey—Antietam is on the brink of another major fight.

The history books say neither side really won that original battle—fittingly enough, no American stands to win the upcoming one.

What seems destined to become known as the second battle of Antietam involves a planned onslaught by that old and persistent desecrator of beauty, the high altitude, high

voltage electric power line.

The Washington Post recently made public for the first time plans, by Potomac Edison Co., a private power firm to build a power line on the borders of Antietam, a national monument under the safekeeping of the Interior Department.

THE 500,000 kilovolt line would march on 100-foot-tall towers within viewing distance of nearly every part of the battlefield.

Potomac Edison is one of many small, rich, private power firms that criss-cross the Eastern seaboard. All or nearly all are highly profitable.

And, because no public agency is empowered to regulate routing or size of interstate power lines, these companies have blanket authority

to put cables where they want, when they want them, on towers of whatever design they choose.

To Bay Area residents, this all must seem familiar. Shades of Woodside, Stanford and the AEC!

Thus, long-time conservationists could be excused for viewing with cynicism the immediate results of the Post's revelations about Potomac Edison and Antietam.

INTERIOR Secretary Stewart L. Udall immediately announced he'd confer with Potomac Edison to see if another route, out of battlefield view, might not be feasible.

And on Capitol Hill, Montana's Sen. Lee Metcalf, longtime foe of the nation's electric power industry, introduced a bill that would empower the Federal Power Commission to block or re-route transmission lines deemed not in the public's interest.

Potomac Edison, Udall said, held several rights of way that could be used efficiently as alternatives to the Antietam routing.

BUT in Hagerstown, Md., P-E's

—continued on page 7



George Gardiner, Bay Guardian Co. 1967



# Gus Oliva-- lovable rascal

When Gus Oliva died recently, the San Francisco press did him a service, and their readers a disservice, by recounting his virtues and burying his vices. His charitable donations were enumerated, while his other side was covered with vague references to being "colorful" and sometimes needing money for "legal expenses."

Gus was too interesting to deserve this treatment. He was a splendid specimen of that now-rare political animal, the lovable rascal. The only current examples that spring quickly to mind are Adam Clayton Powell of Harlem and Wallace ("Wine and Dine") Benson of Belmont.

AUGUSTUS R. (Gus) Oliva flourished in the gamey political atmosphere of San Francisco in the 1920s. Starting with nothing, he accumulated a fortune of several million dollars, which he lavished on appointments for himself and on many charitable causes. His charm and amiability got him friends throughout North Beach; often, he was spoken of as a candidate for supervisor or mayor.

At the same time, his financial career was dogged by reports of shady business deals; his fondness for the ladies put him in divorce court; his political ambitions (perhaps because of this) were never fulfilled.

He lost his fortune in the great crash of 1929, and never recovered it. With that loss went many of his friends. He vanished into years of anonymity, punctuated only by occasional sordid brushes with the law.

GUS was born in San Francisco in 1890 and his business career started with a vegetable pushcart. This he developed into a prosperous grocery business; in the years after World War I, he held a lucrative contract to supply Navy vessels with groceries when they docked here.

The Navy deal collapsed in 1921 when J.E. Strong, chief commissary steward of the U.S.S. Kennedy, sent an affidavit to his superiors saying that Oliva had approached him and offered to "fix things up with him" if Strong would overlook defects in the groceries supplied to the ship.

In the early 1920s, although a "wet," Oliva supplied trucks and squad cars to Treasury Department men raiding bootleg liquor operations. This deal collapsed under



Gus's symbol: a carnation in the buttonhole.

charges that Gus was using his position to tip off bootleggers. The government got suspicious when it found that Oliva had put up the bail of an officer, whose job was to investigate Oliva, when he was arrested on an assault charge in Los Angeles.

IN the World War I years, Gus's marital life was also clouded. He was frequently divorced and frequently married, once bigamously (he later said he was drunk and didn't know what he was doing.) There was a sensational breach-of-promise suit by a Puerto Rican beauty, in which Oliva's ardent letters were read in court. But the lady could never prove that Oliva had offered to marry her, and the suit collapsed.

His fifth marriage, to Myrtle Cavanaugh in 1923, lasted for many years, and he seemed to settle down.

In the following years, Oliva gained his reputation for generosity by giving tens of thousands of dollars to every charity in town. Old-timers who gathered for his funeral remembered donations to numerous worthy causes, ranging from the Shrine Hospital to friends on the shorts. His largess was so impressive that the Pope sent him a certificate of blessing, commending him for his generosity.

In these years, Oliva stumped for Mayor "Sunny Jim" Rolph in North Beach, and did many political favors, including taking care of a huge number of traffic tickets—whether by fixing them or just paying them is not recorded; he was capable of either.

When he and his family returned from an Eastern vacation, they were met at the Ferry Building by the mayor and a brass band. Oliva was given the key to the city, of all corny things.

In 1928, Supervisor John B. Badaracco died, and Oliva announced he would seek appointment as his successor, saying he would give the supervisorial salary, for the remainder of Badaracco's term, to the dead man's mother. But someone else got the job. Perhaps Gus's unsavory past was too close.

But 1929 came and the golden era was over. Gus Oliva's \$5 million paper empire collapsed. After that, when he made the newspapers, he was usually in court—charges of feeding slugs to a pay phone, charges of pawing off a zircon ring as a diamond.

In 1930 Max Baer, the heavy-weight prize fighter, said that Gus had approached him in his dressing room before a fight with "Tiny" Abbott, and offered him an expensive car if he would let his opponent stay four rounds before knocking him out.

"IT IS a burning outrage that a man of my ability and reputation should be subject to such an attack," Gus told the newspapers. "I have always done good all my life, and only yesterday picked up three fellows who were penniless and sent them to a hotel, as well as providing them with meals."

In 1931, he was running a cafe in North Beach. A convention of state traffic officers was in town, and Gus told the Board of Supervisors he would give the conventioners a banquet at his place, worth \$400, if the supervisors would pay half the tab.

The board agreed, but reneged when someone unkindly suggested that Oliva was only spending \$200 on the banquet and letting the City pay for the whole thing while he reaped the publicity.

FREQUENT brushes with the law drained Oliva's resources during the 1930s. In 1937, when he needed money to defend himself in a case, a benefit show was staged for him, and 1,500 San Franciscans appeared, demonstrating that they still cared for Gus even if he were down and out.

It was a checkered career; in these days of political virtue, someone like Gus wouldn't get far. But virtue brings with it new evils, more difficult to detect and define.

Gus's saving grace was his enormous innocence about wealth. He viewed it as a child views ice cream. It is an innocence we have lost now, and for the better, but the life of Gus Oliva still stirs a longing for it.

## There's an 'out' for almost everybody as the Wolden tax investigation creeps on

By our correspondent

With a slowness that must bring a wince even to conditioned bureaucrats, San Francisco's elder—ly tax investigation creeps merrily onward. It now appears, with the advent of a convenient "out" for all concerned, that the probe of escaped taxes will be completed before the year is out.

Briefly stated, the "out" is a compromise arrangement approved by the lawyers and the judge involved in the study of personal property taxes unpaid during the past three years by the city's 900 largest companies. In exchange for having their back bills cut by about 33 per cent, more than 200 firms agreed to pay up without further argument or legal contest.

The compromises—which vary according to the firms involvement or non-involvement with convicted former assessor Russell L. Wolden—were first proposed to the Board of Supervisors in April.

NO ONE was more surprised than the high-priced attorneys for the companies when the supervisors rejected the settlements. Many of those who voted it down face reelection campaigns this fall that will be difficult enough without being accused of granting special favors to big, unwilling taxpayers.

In May, the attorneys decided that even if the settlements were rejected by the board, Justice A.F. Bray, who ordered the tax investigation in the first place, could legally approve the proposed compromise formulae.

These fell into three categories:

Companies which were never mentioned in the grand jury investigation of Wolden, or during his criminal trial, but which fully reported their assets and innocently benefitted from his use of assessment ratios lower than those applied in the city generally, were allowed to pay two-thirds of their back taxes (as determined by the investigation), based on the lower tax rates for the years involved.

Companies which were also never mentioned in the Wolden investigation or trial, but which under-reported their assets, were also allowed to pay two-thirds, but based on the current, and considerably higher tax rate.

FINALLY, companies linked to Wolden—in either the investigation or trial—were allowed to pay two-thirds, based on the current tax rate, plus a 10 per cent penalty for seeking, and receiving, special favors.

The legal theory involved is a simple one: 66¢ in the hand is better than \$1 tied up in endless litigation. If the reader perceives a similarity in principle between this theory and the theory which seems to guide the State Lands Commission in its attitude toward a legal fight with the Leslie Salt Co. over hundreds of acres of Bay tidelands, the reader is perceptive indeed.

It is not, it must hastily be added, an uncommon legal theory, and it should not, under any circumstances, be conceived of as a sell-out of the public interest. Court battles are calculated risks under any circumstances and, if lawyers were not willing to compromise, the courts would be clogged beyond belief with unsettled litigation.

Still . . . in tax investigations as in disputes over bay lands, there is a nagging feeling that the public would eventually win the court battles, no matter how lengthy.

AS FOR the tax probe, what of the 700-odd firms not covered by the agreed-upon compromise? Many of them have paid their back taxes and kept their lips buttoned.

A small number, about 20, have filed law suits to block payment. Others are now discussing with the assessor and the city attorney whether they can pay under the three-category compromise plan. Finally, there are many who have not yet made any decision.

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These are firms who weren't billed until May (making their bills payable by June 30) or June (payable by July 31).

THE tax collecting end of the investigation is, therefore, in the home stretch. Still to be decided, however, is the city attorney's appeal of Justice Bray's 1966 basic order for the investigation. Playing both ends of the candle, he works on carrying out the order while asking appellate courts to overturn it.

If city attorney Thomas O'Connor is successful, and that is considered a very dim possibility, those firms who simply paid their back taxes may be entitled to refunds. Those that agreed to compromise settlements, however, signed waivers of future claims, and their money will remain in the city treasury no matter what happens to O'Connor's appeal.

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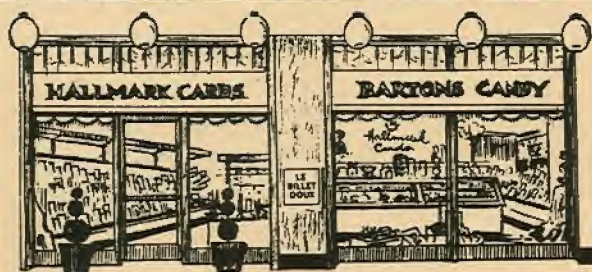
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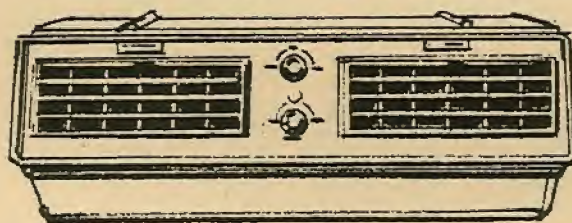
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# The San Francisco I Remember

by Margo Skinner

Roaming, as often and as far as permitted, was an essential part of my city childhood. Mainly I meandered on foot, in not too clean Keds, de rigueur in my set.

With others I climbed the San Francisco hills, where wild grasses shimmered in the wind like waves and orange poppies and blue lupins grew—the hills of the Mission, Twin Peaks, Visitacion Valley, with the jade water of the bay below.

Kids ranged in happy packs, finding amusement in long, involved chase games, in simple pastimes like making "scissors" out of one weed—using a thumbnail to puncture a stem

and inserting another into it, so that the "blades" moved back and forth—making "music" by blowing on wide grass, or festooning small wild daisies into "necklaces" which drooped to our waists like the long beads that flappers wore.

**THERE** are a few hills left that the developers haven't gotten. But the children no longer seem to be there. Perhaps they are in organized play in playgrounds or home watching the imbecilic antics of imitation dogs, cats and dinosaurs on TV.

Often, my father and I made the long streetcar trip to the beach on the old 14 line, which raced along tree-surrounded tracks like railroad ties part of the way, going "clackety-clack" like a locomotive. Hating the stuffy inside section and even disdaining seats in the front, we rode the open platform with the motor-man, in the fresh breeze, until we arrived at Chutes, to the music of the merry-go-round and the delicious odors of greasy hot dogs and the salt of the sea.

Salt water was always a hypnotic to me. As a baby, apparently I attempted to jump out of my mother's arms on the ferry boat, screaming "Baff, baff!" and doing my damndest to hurl myself bayward. Older, I would stand intrepidly on deck, my face chill with wind and hair blown

wild, chanting Masefield's "Sea Fever" as the bow of the heroic ship cut across the water—to Oakland.

Inside the regulars played their interminable games of bridge. At the magazine stand, which bloomed with colored covers ("Motion Picture" with Dolores Del Rio in a mantilla, "The National Geographic" with painted Africans, "College Humor" with John Held, Jr. blondes) I spent my nickels for Ghirardelli's bars or Red Caps. From the restaurant came the smell of coffee heavy with cream, to mingle with the metallic odor of humped pieces of machinery of some mysterious function.

**STRONG** men of power were always delegating some of it to me. I must have been a phenomenal child. At the age of three, I was allowed to run a train out of the S.P. station at Third and Townsend. The engineer was an old friend of my father's, who knew lots of railroad men from his stagehand days of traveling with Paul Whiteman's orchestra and Otis Skinner's "Kismet" company.

I recall being boosted into the cabin, received in the arms of a graying man with a high striped cap and plunked down in front of an instrument panel. Then my fingers were guided to push something, and the huge locomotive moved.

**I RODE** them though, almost every year on vacation trips south, in the days when S.P. passenger trains were passenger trains and not inconveniences to management. The dining cars sparkled with glass and cutlery and immaculate linen, and were full of smells of thick slices of ham and eggs with sunny yellow and white faces, crisp toast and little pots of strawberry jam to put on it.

We ate while the world flowed past the window, served by some of the best waiters in the world—before the Automat and slot machine took over the railroad catering.

Back in the passenger compartment I watched the conductors, somehow always silvery-haired, with gold watches, which they consulted pretentiously from time to time, suspended by chains across their portly middles.

**AT NIGHT** in the sleeper the curtains enclosed me in a magic room, with little hammocks to put things in. I undressed all scrunched over, and stayed awake as long as I could, looking out at silver rails flowing like water in the opposite direction and listening to the clackety-clack, clackety-clack. Overhead was the dark, brilliantly starred country sky. Here and there in the blackness below one tiny light shone in a remote house. This was Thomas Wolfe's country, lonely and vast, and the country of that greatest of imitation folk songs, "Blues in the Night."

## SF Plot

—continued from page 6

A few days after the Sacramento meetings, Burnett and Kinder came out with another report, "President Summerskill and the SDS." It was prepared, the cover states, by members of the executive and legislative branches of the Associated Students of SF State. The two page report looks official, but it isn't.

It blames SDS for almost all events of 1966-67 and states that "during this time, college president John H. Summerskill has allowed the situation regarding SDS to deteriorate to a point where the activities of SDS are damaging both the reputation and the academic climate." The last paragraph tells what it's all about:

"A **NUMBER** of student leaders at San Francisco State, tired of the anarchy present at the campus, desire the Board of Trustees to begin making the policy decisions that should have been made by President Summerskill. It is felt that, unless the rampant student radicalism present at San Francisco State is checked, the integrity of the institution is endangered."

That final sentence is a classic bit of irony, as well tip off to the motives behind all this diligence.

The Burnett-Kinder coalition, representing a swing from radicalism, won its election.

So it's in. But it's not really in. By the Kinder-Burnett definition, radicalism remains unchecked. Ergo, Summerskill is to blame and the Alice-in-Wonderland reasoning is complete.

# WHAT'S HAPPENING

By Creighton H. Churchill

The "unstraight" gate of god's eye

Gold has been discovered again in California—this time in San Francisco. Thanks to local media and p.r. flacks, thousands of dollars from Anonymie, Wis., Marital Junction, Ala., and Dead Indian, Montana, are flowing into the Haight-Ashbury, turning it into a many block long bed sore on the body of the city. It didn't start out that way, and the Hippies didn't effect the transformation. The constant eight block traffic jam of tourists has metamorphosed Haight into a pseudo-psychedelic Coney Island to be avoided by cars and traveled by foot only for grocery or incense expeditions.

The spirit of Good Hipness has moved up Cole to Cole and Carl streets, around the Diggers Free Store and the Hip-Job Co-op and "British Embassy" complex. Just down from there on Frederick off Stanyan are two refreshing store-front operations, one to minister to the body, the other to ease the soul. Best of all, they are neighbors. For the body there is God's Eye, the first psychedelic ice-cream bar in San Francisco. Since many Hippies don't drink, (bad for the liver, dulls the senses et al.) an ice-cream parlor is a natural gathering place. It is rumored that the understanding management will provide customers with seat belts to prevent them from bumping their heads against the fifteen foot ceiling. The ice-cream is creamy, full flavored and good, and a giant sugar cone full of outlandish flavor is only 15 cents. The decor is Louis XIV/Fillmore Auditorium and eye catching. Short-order types of food are served, and the store is undergoing an expansion and remodeling. What's God's eye? It's the cross interlaced with the many geometric patterns of coloured yarn favored by the Hip ones.

Next door, ministering to the soul, is the Hare Krishna Temple, a Hindu temple staffed with a Swami sponsored by the poet and elder statesman of the Hip, Alan Ginsburg. Services are held and mantras are chanted to tamborines and cymbals. The house is usually packed, so arrive early.

Suzette never made it like this

Some of San Francisco's finer housewives have a giant in their washer or a white knight in the garage, but there is a refreshing restaurant at 3221 Fillmore, just down from Union, that outdoes the whole herd. First recommended to us by Doris Dillon, East Bay cuisine authority, it has magic in its pans, that being its name, **The Magic Pan**. Featuring a staggering assortment of crepes stuffed with everything but dodo wings, the Pan is a delightful combination of excellent food, low prices and tasteful automation and electronics. The latter need, in a suspicious and automat-conscious age, explanation. The magic pan itself is a patented lazy-Susan type of wheel that rotates multiple pans over a series of gas fires, enabling the staff to produce 600 perfect crepes an hour. The crepes are then stuffed with crab or cheese or spinach or ham or anything else and placed in a battery of micro-wave ovens that flash-cook the stuffing. The plate is then served in what seems like seconds after the order is given. Since the place is small—15 tables or so—fast, pleasant service is a necessity for a revenue producing turnover. This does not mean being rushed, but when you want food, it's there with no waiting. Beer and a good wine card are available, as are foods other than stuffed crepes and Palachinta (Hungarian crepes that are stuffed, rolled, and dipped in a batter that gives them a crust when cooked). For a meal so large and good they have to roll you out the door, the price is around \$9.00 per couple. The best seats are those near the crepe machines and the electronics. The Pan has been open for a year and a half, and is starting a new branch soon in Ghirardelli Square.

Ins and outs of secretaries' rainbows

In answer to plaintive cries by secretaries unhappy with the usual run-of-the-mill "body exchange" bars, **The Wishing Well**, 603 Irving and **the Embers**, 627 Irving in S.F. are offered up, as well as **Harrington's**, 9 Jones St. The two former are the best chance for meeting medical students and interns from the Cal Med center. (After the third bourbon, they all look like Dr. Kildare.) **Harrington's**, although a famous Irish bar of long and mostly masculine standing in the City, is the best place for meeting law students and other serious drinkers. One of the best "entertainment" bars in San Francisco is the **Rainbow Inn**, 2191 Union. Besides the usual giggles created by looped matrons falling off bar stools, the Inn provides Miss Inez Jones at a piano bar and mike set up. Inez sings jazz and blues in a Billie Holiday to Pearl Bailey style, usually accompanying herself, and joined on weekends by a trio. A good, pleasant, rich voice, and admission to piano side is just the usual price of a drink.

Cantata for swish and coffee cake

When you tire of watching all the sweet, young men walk their poodle dogs down Union Street and have had your fill of antique shops, drop into the **Coffee Cantata**, 2030 Union, for coffee and **patisseries**, lunch or dinner. Tastefully decorated in a dark wood and tile type of modern Spanish motif, the Cantata serves imaginative "light-dish" types of food at surprisingly reasonable prices. Especially recommended are the cold seafood plates and the smorgasboard for two. Good wine and beer list and an outstanding selection of specialized coffee drinks. Try to pick off hours, since the Cantata is usually crowded and the tables are rather close together (don't carve up your neighbor's elbow in your salad). The service is good and the sweets and cakes delicious (also sold at a separate counter). About \$8 per couple for a dinner with wine.

Black light murals with Milanese sauce

If you are bored with asking the mystical North Beach waitress with three nipples if the bartender put the bourbon into your drink with a syringe, head over to San Pablo avenue in Berkeley. San Pablo is becoming a "row," what with the **Steppenwolf**, the **Blind Lemon**, **Tito's**, the **Pot Luck**, and the **Albatross**. Newest row resident, the **Zodiac**, 2146 San Pablo just down from the Stepp., is an outstanding combination of student restaurant, a stage set, a psychedelic dream in black light, and a beer-wine club. Best of all, there is no cover or minimum charges and under 21 types can enter. Beer and wine prices are honest, and the spaghetti dinner for \$1.00 is superb, the sauce being a 180-year-old Milanese recipe replete with spices and chunks of steak. The decor is acid-style murals painted on black walls with fluorescent paint that glows under black-light lamps. A good light show is also provided. A balcony at one end and a raised stage and light show platform at the other split the Zodiac into pleasant drinking, dancing or watching areas, and a huge stereo currently holds forth, soon to be joined by live folk-acid-rock groups.

That favorite bar or pet dive of yours might be just the item needed for a future column. Write it down and send it in to Creighton Churchill, c/o the Bay Guardian, 1070 Bryant, San Francisco. Any type of Bay Area oddity will do, from massage parlours to restaurants. The farther-out suggestions will be researched and written up, credit being given where due.

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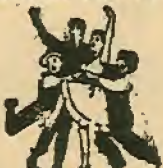
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# Why you should be worried when you flick a light switch . . .

By Keith Murray

Through the calculated benevolence of Interior Secretary Stewart Udall, the Pacific Gas & Electric Co. and other private utilities are about to engineer a power giveaway of enormous proportions in Northern California.

The method: the private utilities will control the transmission of federal power made available in proposed contracts (about to be signed quietly in Washington) implementing the northwest-southwest, high-voltage federal intertie system. In short: another federal giveaway to private utilities.

The result: astronomically higher power costs for consumers and, in particular, such large public consumers as the University of California, BARTD and the Central Valley Project.

Because of a virtual news blackout for years in the daily press, this will all be news to most Bay area citizens. Here's the background:

NEW technology permits power to be transmitted long distances over high-voltage lines. In this way, power generating systems can be linked together for greater efficiency and lower costs. And public power can be brought southward into California from the energy-rich Northwest, as far away as Canada.

Originally, President Kennedy directed the use of high-voltage links to tie together federal power systems, such as Bonneville on the Columbia River, the Colorado River and northern California's Central Valley Project. But PG&E and other private companies have made every effort to monopolize these proposed lines and the federal power they would transmit. It is a sorry fact that Udall has been willing to go along.

In 1964 Udall proposed a package of intertie lines. Two lines were to run from the Columbia River in Oregon through California to Los Angeles, with the California portion to be built by private utilities. One line, to be built by the City of Los Angeles, was to pass from Oregon through Nevada to Los Angeles. A later line would be built by the government to connect with Hoover Dam on the Colorado River.

The worst joker in this plan: No federal line was proposed from the Columbia River system into northern California to connect with the federal Central Valley Project. Power supplies were allotted to public systems, but future expansion was stifled and the California Water Plan would be cut off from a supply of cheap public power.

UDALL'S proposal promptly was attacked by Gov. Brown, Sens. Engle, Morse and Neuberger and the California Democratic House delegation. Engle called it a "surrender of control of the most lucrative power market in the west to a combine of six private utility companies."

A protest organization was put together called Californians for a Federal Power Intertie. It gathered 1,000 signatures on a petition to President Johnson calling for a federal line.

In the face of this opposition, Udall slowly and reluctantly gave ground. The final compromise contained plans for an all-federal link to the Central Valley Project, as well as a substantially larger capacity to supply power to publicly-owned utilities. A significant victory apparently had been won.

But any such assumption failed to reckon with the duplicity of Udall and his Department of Interior. Last September, the Department tried to slip past Congress a set of proposed contracts through which the intertie arrangements would be made final. The maneuver came just before Congressional adjournment; the long and complex contracts were accompanied neither by explanation nor analysis. But thanks to watchdogs in the House Government Operations Committee, approval was delayed until it could be thoroughly analyzed.

WHAT was found was this: PG&E would control all federally generated power distributed in northern California except for a fixed allotment to old public agency customers. These customers would by 1975 be forced to purchase additional supplies needed for growth from PG&E.

The federal Central Valley Project would be prohibited (repeat: prohibited) from importing additional power (e.g., from federal sources in the northwest). And would be prohibited from serving new public customers until 2005. An ugly set of regulations that has severely restricted the distribution of Central Valley power since 1951 would be

renewed intact. These regulations, for example, have prevented the University of California at Berkeley from getting cheap public power.

The most grotesque feature of the proposed contracts concerned the federal intertie link with the Central Valley Project. Instead of an all-federal line as expected, some of it was to pass through joint facilities with PG&E. One segment of the federal line would be hung from PG&E towers.

This was a direct betrayal of the understanding reached with California Democratic congressmen in 1964. More: this arrangement violated an agreement Assistant Interior Secretary Kenneth Holum made with Rep. John Moss and Johnson only six months before.

ONCE again, California Democratic congressmen, led by Moss, were forced to bring pressure on the giveaway Interior Secretary of their own party. Moss asked President Johnson to intercede and called for the Justice Department and Federal Power Commission to investigate possible antitrust violations.

Both Moss and Morse demanded the immediate resignation of Undersecretary of the Interior Charles Luce, chief architect of the contracts. Moss is moving on to a \$150,000 a year post as chairman of Consolidated Edison, the nation's biggest private power company.

Luce's integrity wasn't questioned, but the difficulty was noted of telling where the government began and the private utilities left off.

The outcry had some effect. Johnson announced that an all-federal intertie line would be built to the Central Valley Project. An antitrust investigation was announced. But most of the sellout features remained in the contracts. Quite obviously, the public servants in Interior are determined not to further compromise the interests of PG&E.

THE question arises: what good is a federal power line if the government is forbidden to import power over it, and cannot sell the power anyway?

The modern affluent liberal, who knows that the lights go on when he flips a switch, scarcely sees the problem. These facts he should consider:

By 1980, air pollution may force us to drive electric cars. When a Sacramento resident plugs in his

car for recharging, electricity will cost him 40% less than it will cost a PG&E customer, based on present comparisons. The reason: Sacramento, unlike most cities, has a public system supplied with federal power.

This saving amounts to \$60-65 in annual tuition charges per student. The intertie contracts would perpetuate PG&E's ability to block federal power delivery.

A supply of cheap federal power may mean the difference between the success or failure of BARTD, now deep in financial difficulties.

PRESIDENT Franklin D. Roosevelt sponsored the healthy growth of public power as a competitive "yardstick" to keep down the price of private power. It worked. After the disastrous "partnership" years of the Eisenhower administration, President Kennedy set forth a policy that seemed to mark a return to the Roosevelt principles. But the result, as administered by Udall and his compliant bureaucrats in Interior, has been "partnership" on a scale that Eisenhower's Interior Secretary, giveaway Doug McKay, probably could not imagine.

In 1965, Sen. Lee Metcalf warned of the danger of a takeover by an all-powerful private power monopoly. "I hope the time never comes when a handful of men, concerned chiefly with the earnings they are turning over to the stockholders—including themselves—can carve up this country into markets for electricity, set prices, determine routes for major transmission lines and decide who will get electricity and how much."

If the pending intertie contracts are signed, this moment will be near in the West. It will be difficult to blame Republicans.



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## Antietam

—continued from page 4

home base, utility President Charles Lyons serenely dismissed such an idea, saying alternatives had already been explored and dismissed as unsuitable.

Incidentally, when the Post story broke, this same Lyons said Potomac Edison hadn't made its plans public because "we didn't really think there would be any particular interest," and because "we really don't have to tell anyone, you know."

Metcalf's bill, unfortunately, is neither novel nor untried in congressional battle. He offered the same measure last year and it didn't even win a committee hearing.

The real tragedy of Antietam is that it's about the only Civil War battleground in the mid-East that remains essentially as it was. To be sure, there are many monuments and metal tablets marking important points of interest. But the passage of 100 years finds none of the crass, neon commercialism that has, for example, desecrated Gettysburg.

IT'S possible now to sit on the grassy banks of the sluggish, elm-lined Antietam Creek and envision the smoking musketry that put Burnside Bridge in all the history books.

Or stand on a knoll and watch the August winds ripple fields of wheat—just as they did as Union and Confederate dead stacked up in a tiny gulch, still there, that gave it the name Bloody Lane.

Soon, if the sad history is repeated of Woodside and a thousand other lost battles against power lines, the carnage of the second Antietam battle will dominate those historic vistas. You know, the one every American lost.



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by ALVIN DUSKIN

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GROUP  
**KPIX 5**

The Bay Guardian June 29, 1967

Page 7



## If Reagan is serious...

A. Alan Post, state legislative analyst, wrote cautiously in examining Gov. Reagan's 1966-67 budget, but his meaning was unmistakably clear.

The State Water Project, he said, is "increasingly monopolizing the state's bonding capacity." More: future water bond sales "may increasingly intrude on the sale of other general obligation bonds of the state." Still more: "To the extent that this occurs... the effect will be either higher interest rates for all state bonds, whether water bonds or school bonds, greater financing of other programs from increased taxes, or the curtailment of expenditures in either the water program or other programs."

What does this mean? This means, as Prof. Paul Taylor makes plain in his demolition job on the water plan on the opposite page, that the people of the State of California are further subsidizing the public movement of public water to enrich a handful of huge private landowners, mostly in Southern California. The ultimate cost: billions of dollars. It is almost that simple.

Reagan, faced with Post's financial alternatives, is spelling out his preference in letters of 96 point Tempo Bold. First: He intends to curtail expenditures for "other" programs, beginning with education and mental health. Second: he intends "greater financing of other programs from increased taxes" — in the case of education (perhaps from higher student tuition fees); in the case of BARTD (perhaps from higher bridge tolls charged to motorists.)

Third, he has no intention of applying

the same budget-chopping standards to the financing of the water project that he does to everything else. Rather: He intends to spend \$100 million more on the project in 1967-68 than did his predecessor, Gov. Brown, in his last fiscal year in office. This will bring the state's project expenditures to a grand total of \$370 million a year—almost three times the annual expenditures projected in 1960 by the project's feasibility report.

Reagan's silence on the state's massive contribution to the project contrasts sharply with his eloquence on austerity for everybody else. To cut education, mental health and other humanitarian programs while raising the ante to keep this special interest project moving — this more than anything illuminates the shallow base of Reagan's Creative Society.

More: this isn't even good business. For, as Taylor points out, the whole project easily could be returned to the federal government where it belongs. This would free California of horrendous expense and it would help insure that monopoly and speculation would be controlled by federal reclamation law on land benefitting from federally developed water.

"This alleged state project," Sen. Wayne Morse once said, "is merely a vision created in the hope that it can somehow transform everybody's water to water reserved only for a few people." This is the point of the project: "everybody's water," moved at "everybody's" huge expense, for the luxury of a "few people."

If Reagan is serious about economy, this is where he can start.

## Conflict or interest?

Gov. Reagan promised during his election campaign that he would tolerate no conflicts of interest during his administration.

Here's a partial record of his appointments that seem questionable in light of his pronouncements:

- a state highway commissioner (in private life: owner of a drayage firm, president of his county's truck owner's association, member of the board of governors of the California Truck Owners' Association.)

- a state savings and loan commissioner (consulting economist for a savings and loan financial corporation composed of firms that own and operate state-chartered savings and loan associations.)

- director of the State Resources Agency (former owner of a sawmill and treasurer of a lumber company.)

- chairman of a water resources task force (water attorney for the Kern County Land Company and its "soak the public" reclamation policies.)

- state labor commissioner (former executive vice-president of a San Francisco bakery concern.) He is the first management representative ever appointed to a traditional labor post.

- state real estate commissioner (past president of the California Real Estate Association and a director of the National Association of Real Estate Boards.)

Willie Brown this week disclosed another conflict of interest (denied by a Reagan aide) of an executive of a private computer firm who serves as a member of Reagan's "efficiency in government" task force.

His major recommendation, Brown said, was for a state agency to invest "in a computer system identical to the system manufactured by the part-time 'investigator's' company."

Has Reagan's conception of conflict of interest changed between October, 1966, and June, 1967? Or could it never distinguish between private and public business? A lot of money and a lot of exploitation hang on the answers.

## To the editor . . . Dear Sirs . . . To the editor . . . Dear Sirs . . . To

To the editor:

I like your paper because it so obviously and so solidly professional — not the predictable dullness of the Examiner nor the predictable titillation of the Chronicle, not the silliness and unreliability of the hippie house organs, the Berkeley Barb, the Oracle and Sunday Ramparts.

You were the only paper to tackle the Joel Fort tragedy, to list the Wolden tax scandal beneficiaries, to take on Kern County Land and the big landowners on the 160-acre reclamation Law, to blast the Rockefeller/Crocker/Idol Cement fill Plans in the South Bay, and to expose the fallacies of the New Left from a liberal viewpoint. And, as far as I know, the first to use the good and literate wit of Rolfe Peterson as a critic.

Long may your banners wave!  
A San Francisco city hall employee

To the editor:

Mr. Earl Thollanders' sketches which have appeared in several of your recent issues are an excellent and exciting addition to your paper. They compliment the already very first rate look and tone of The Guardian.

Peter F. Smith  
Big Sur, Ca.  
Architect

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To the editor:

What I want to know is why the daily papers didn't seem to have the space to run the names of those firms who benefited from the hanky panky during the Wolden regime?

Did those papers feel that the general public was not interested or perhaps that not enough money was involved or were the papers simply afraid of loss of advertising revenue? Here is my money for what was

to have been my next two months subscription to the Chronicle. It is to be used for a one year subscription to the Bay Guardian

Ann Nimitz  
Concord, Ca.

\*\*\*

To the editor:

It aggravates the hell out of me to have to read in your paper the list of big firms in San Francisco who got the cream of city hall from Russel Wolden. First, because I must find it in a paper where I can find nothing else I can agree with; second, because I couldn't find it in the Examiner or Chronicle; third, because the firms got away with such anonymity. I pay my taxes. Why shouldn't they? It's no more difficult than that.

James Newton  
San Francisco, Calif.



Robert Osborn, in "Mass Communications," a Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions publication.

## A Vietnam analogy

As the New York Times pointed out, the difference for the U.S. is enormous between war in Vietnam and war in the Middle East:

There is at stake in the Middle East the control of oil resources in which American firms have invested \$2.5 billion, we have "nothing comparable" in Southeast Asia and every argument advanced for Vietnamese intervention — "commitments, honor, security, interests, consistency, the self-determination of small nations" — could be used "in favor of helping Israel."

In Israel: intervention would have meant The U.S. was assuming responsibility for protecting a nation (under threat of liquidation) it helped create only 20 years before through the United Nations. In Vietnam: The U.S. failed to save Vietnam for French colonialism, sabotaged the Geneva accords and intervened massively with bombs, napalm and hundreds of thousands of American fighting men in a distant civil war on the basis of ambiguous commitments.

To put the intervention analogy in strictly military, anti-Communist terms: There is much doubt whether Southeast Asia would topple to the Communists if Vietnam were lost; there is no doubt whatsoever that the Middle East would have become an exclusive Soviet preserve if Israel had lost. (Let us never forget what we owe the Israelis. Who can state with authority what we owe the Vietnamese?)

## Burton for the senate

The Guardian strongly endorses John Burton, a liberal Democratic assemblyman, for the special election to fill the late J. Eugene McAteer's state senate seat.

This post is much too crucial, for San Francisco and for the state, to leave to men like Milton Marks (as undistinguished a jurist as he was an assemblyman) and Sup. William Blake (who, despite some great battles, is still a bull who carries

The Guardian is not arguing here that the U.S. should have intervened in Israel; it is attempting to show, by analogies that can multiply endlessly, the shaky legal, moral and military foundations of our Vietnam policy. For the Israeli war puts into bold relief just how shabby are our slogans in Vietnam, how dubious are our assumptions about "commitments" and "territorial integrity" and how antiquated are our abstractions about playing "policeman of the world".

## Trouble at State

As outlined in our front page story, some conservative students have sought to enlist the State College Board of Trustees in their campaign to get John Summerskill fired as president of San Francisco State College.

Trustees have done nothing about the students' absurd charges, but they did ask Chancellor Glenn S. Dumke to investigate, thereby giving them more credence than they deserve.

Dumke and the trustees must realize two things: first, that Summerskill in one year has earned immense student and faculty sympathy (500 faculty signatures were collected quickly on a petition commending his handling of student affairs); second, that he has successfully navigated breakers every bit as treacherous as those that crash against the Cal campus at Berkeley. He merits support, not condemnation.

his own China shop about with him.)

Burton has the credentials to carry on McAteer's crusades to save the bay and put together strong regional government; more important, he is the liberal McAteer never was and can put his solid experiences and political power together with Sen. George Moscone, his fellow liberal Democrat, to forge the strong liberal front we so desperately need these days in Sacramento.

## THE BAY GUARDIAN

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell." (Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

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# Part 2 of a Bay Guardian inquiry into the unfolding drama of water

By Paul Taylor

Popular efforts to move water in vast quantities, like building the pyramids of Egypt, provide some of the west's historic dramas. Moisture comes to the western earth unevenly in quantity, and inconveniently in time.

So the problem for technology is to move water from where it falls at the "wrong" places and at the "wrong" seasons to lands elsewhere that can be made productive when it comes at the "right" places and the "right" seasons.

The problem for public policy, in words of the Supreme Court, is to insure that popular water-moving efforts bring "the greatest good to the greatest number of individuals."

The California State Water Project has now become the most important and controversial act in this continuing drama of water. It seems fitting, therefore, to use dramatic form to present this account.

## PROLOG

The cost of huge dams, and canals running hundreds of miles, always has been far beyond the ability of immediate landowning beneficiaries to pay. They always have needed public subsidies and lots of them. Everybody in the West knew this at least as long ago as 1920.

Western citizens and their representatives in Congress - Californians prominent among them - united at that time in appeals to Congress to bear financial water-moving burdens too heavy for landowners and even for states.

The 57th Congress responded: "Yes, under suitable legal controls over private monopoly and speculation in the benefits from Federal appropriations, we will open the doors of the Federal Treasury."

THE 160-acre Reclamation Law insured this principle of control by limiting the use of federally developed water to no more than 160 acres per owner and 320 acres per man and wife in California. The practical purpose was to place a ceiling on the amount of public subsidy an individual landowner could lawfully receive (now about \$1,000 an acre.)

Later, when reclamation projects generated hydroelectric power, Congress added a public power preference clause of lower power rates to consumers. Thus: the meaning of the phrase "under reclamation law" combined open-handed financial largess to private beneficiaries with stringent public controls over monopoly and speculation.

The objective of the present drive against the 160-acre provision is simple: to destroy public controls, but to retain the largess.

California reaffirmed 30 years later the 1902 decision pointing to the desirability of federal, instead of state, financing for water-moving programs because of the state's financial incapacity to subsidize programs on this scale. In 1933, California voters approved a \$170 million water bond issue, but invited federal aid at the same time.

THE Legislature followed with an appeal to Congress to authorize federal construction of the Central Valley Project "in accordance with reclamation law."

California thus got a \$1½ billion federal project, with two crucial conditions: (1) federal, not state money, paid for the project and (2) reclamation law protected the public against monopoly and speculation.

There were early fears that California's large landholders might be unwilling to accept reclamation benefits if forced to comply with the 160-acre law. They were put to rest by 1905.

"FOR CALIFORNIA," house organ of the "booster" group of the day, carried this statement from a civil engineer:

"Already owners of more than 70 huge tracts of land have signified their willingness to subdivide their lands for the benefit of intending settlers. This shows which way the wind blows and may be taken as an indication that when the government is ready to go ahead our Patriotic landed proprietors will be willing and ready to cooperate."

In confirmation, landowners at Orland in the Sacramento Valley soon accepted a 40-acre limitation to help bring the first federal reclamation project into California.

A generation later, "the wind" had changed. In 1944, hitherto concealed hostility of the landowners surfaced

and a wide array of tactics was unveiled to remove the 160-acre provision.

These tactics were products of what Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall now calls "careful planning." One showed the willingness of landowners to shift the heavy financial burdens of reclamation back to the state. Said Business Week of May 13, 1944:

"A proposal, said to have originated among the big landowners of Fresno County... for the State of California to take over the Central Valley Project, paying the entire bill... This... would side-step the 100-acre limitation."

However, outright state purchase of CVP was too costly to be politically possible. Besides: Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes indicated that the federal 160-acre law would be included in any contract of sale to the state.

Thereupon, after more "careful planning," the large land-owners came up with a "compromise" tactic in the early 1950s. The tactic: to impose upon the state as much, but preferably not more, financial burden than might be necessary to free most

(Taylor, professor emeritus in economics at the University of California at Berkeley, is one of the nation's outstanding authorities in water and reclamation. Between 1943 and 1955, he served as consultant to the Central Valley project for the Department of the Interior.)

of the big landowners from Reclamation Law.

The name of the "compromise" tactic: the State Water Project

## SCENE 1. 1958 - 1960.

### WASHINGTON, D. C.

The State Water Project was revealed to Congress in 1958 by California's official spokesman. In explanation, they said they wanted two things from Congress: first, federal assumption of the burden of a half-billion dollar addition to CVP at San Luis (Westlands); and second, permission for the incipient State Water Project to use "joint" reservoir, canal and pumping facilities free from the 160-acre law.

In Washington, this gave immediate incentive to California spokesmen to maximize the financial burden the State was about to lift from the shoulders of Congress. Later, the incentive would be reversed - that is, to minimize the burden being imposed upon the people at home.

SEN. Thomas H. Kuchel flatly told the Senate on Aug. 15, 1958, that "The State Project will cost the people of California \$11 billion when completed." Naturally, this was good news to Congress to hear that the people of California were ready to transfer so heavy a financial burden from the nation's back to their own.

In this spirit, Sen. Arthur V. Watkins of Utah rose "to congratulate the State of California and California's representatives in the Senate, Senator Knowland and Senator Kuchel, on the fact that the great State of California will build the project, and a still greater project which will cost in the neighborhood of \$11 billion, and do it on its own."

In Washington, there could be no mistake nor misunderstanding. Less than a year later, Kuchel said the cost would be "nearly \$12 billion." Sen. Clair Engle, who had replaced Knowland, stood shoulder to shoulder with Kuchel. The "ultimate cost of the state water plan is presently estimated at \$11 billion," said Engle. "The Federal San Luis Unit of the Central Valley Project is but a small part of a tremendous self-help program of the State of California."

GOV. Brown joined in testifying to the weight of the financial load he believed the people of California were prepared to assume. The "state itself," he told Congress on March 16, 1959, "is launching an unprecedented water development program of its own. We know that we cannot and should not depend entirely on the federal government. I hope and expect that the State of California will commit itself to invest more than \$11 billion in the next 25 years over and above the Federal program to insure adequate statewide water development."

## SCENE 2. 1960 - 1967.

### CALIFORNIA

Little news of these public profers of the lavish generosity of the people of the State trickled back to California from Washington except, perhaps, through the Congressional Record.

When the water bond issue surfaced in November, 1960, the price tag on the State Water Project "compromise" was, not \$11 billion, but only \$1.75 billion, or less than one-sixth of the figure quoted only the year before by Kuchel, Engle and Brown.

The state needs water, the voters were told, and they approved the plan by a slim margin. Construction started, notably on the Feather River at Oroville Dam, and the state began to shoulder its assigned financial burden.

The first financial returns are now coming in. Gov. Reagan's Water Resources Task Force warned in May: "from the standpoint of short-range financing" the "next three to five years are the critical ones;" that "authorized funding could be exhausted as early as the beginning of 1970," and that "there is a short-term deficiency of up to \$300 million, and a long-term deficiency of up to \$600 million."

Meanwhile, Reagan attacks as too high the budgets of education and mental health programs. He has yet to level similar attacks against the State Water Project.

UNDER these financial strains, some division of interest and opinion within the state is appearing. "If a bond issue is indeed sought for bailing out the water plan," stated a recent San Francisco Chronicle editorial, "in all equity it should be a bond issue voted not by the State at large, but by a special Southern California water district, composed of farm lands and communities that will benefit from the transported water, together with the vast acreages of Southern California desert lands that real estate speculators hope to enrich themselves by."

# This incredible water project--you pay for the greed of giant landowners

The Governor's Water Resources Task Force says nothing about the principal pressures that burden the state with a State Water Project - land-owning pressures to circumvent the acreage limitation and public power preference policies of Reclamation law. The task force says nothing about the \$11 billion cost estimates made by Kuchel, Engle and Brown.

Instead, it favors turning a few units of the State Water Project here and there back to the federal CVP - to save the state some money. But it says nothing about the obvious financial solution for the state; to bring into California the huge federal interest-free subsidies by returning the entire State Water Project to federal reclamation, with this transfer would come the monopoly and speculation protection of the 160-acre provision.

Ignoring these "gut" issues of finance and policy, the task force offers soothing reassurances that "the State Water Project is eminently sound in engineering and concept." It recognizes Reagan's budget-cutting by appealing for "economies wherever possible, no matter how small and insignificant each one may appear to be."

REAGAN'S state treasurer, Ivy Baker Priest, immediately jarred the placid mood in which the task force closed its report. The State Water Project, she reported, already is imposing on the people of California an annual interest carrying charge approaching \$28 million. This total will rise to about \$65 million a year when the balance of the \$1.75 billion water bond issue is sold.

But this is only the beginning. The San Francisco Bay Area Rapid Transit and the Southern California Metropolitan Water Districts soon may be obliged, because of the enormously expensive water bonds, to pay higher interest rates on their own fresh bond issues. For much the same reason, each motorist crossing the San Francisco Bay Bridge may be paying an extra dime each time he passes through the toll

gate.

## EPILOG

The State Water Project, then, is seen as a "compromise" tactic that enables giant landowners to circumvent the federal 160-acre Reclamation Law, keep their vast holdings intact and force California taxpayers to pick up the tab of bringing public water to their lands for their private development purposes. As such, this "compromise" must run a long gauntlet of questions. Among them:

When Kuchel follows task force recommendations and tries in Washington to save the state money by handing back a few water projects units to federal reclamation, will Congress remember his promises that things would work the other way - that the water project would relieve the federal government of a \$11 million liability?

Will Congress accept without question his attempts, already started, to return from the state to the federal government Black Butte, New Hogan, a \$94 million peripheral canal, and "such sums as may be necessary to carry out" construction of the San Felipe division of CVP?

Will Congress note that Kuchel proposes to do this, in S. 1111, with an exemption from the 160-acre law for ground water?

How much additional financial burden is it worth to the people of California (if anything), or indeed to the people of the U.S. (if anything), to help large landowners to circumvent the 160-acre law? To help, say, the Southern Pacific Railroad with 120,000 acres alone in the Westlands Water District?

The public is entitled to "careful planning" in its own interest, and in the open. To whom, among its official spokesmen or appointed task forces, can the people of California turn to learn the financial burdens and policy manipulations surrounding the State Water project?

Next: How "death comes to the law" in the Westlands project.



Robert O'Brien, in "Mass Communications," a Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions publication.



# Part 5 of a revealing Guardian series that illuminates youthful drug use

Alan G. Sutter has worked with all types of drug users as a graduate staff member of the University of California's School of Criminology at Berkeley.

The Guardian here reprints parts of an article entitled "The Righteous Dope Fiend," which appeared in a recent issue of UC's *Issues in Criminology* magazine.

Here is what Sutter said about his article:

"During the past three years, informal conversations were held with over 40 heroin users and over 100 adolescents involved in a world of non-opiate drugs.

"Most of the participants were met in their own setting while living in the Bay Area. Others were in jail awaiting trial, serving time in correctional institutions, or taking a 'geographical cure' by moving away from Los Angeles to Oakland.



"The heroin users ranged in age from 15 to 60 years, with an average age around 24 . . . The material derived from recorded conversations and panel discussions was viewed on a background of extensive field work experience."

## "The Righteous Dope Fiend" — elite of the drug world

A "dope fiend," according to the popular image, is thought of as some kind of a wild beast who flourishes in large urban centers.

The term "addict," says Alan Sutter, usually refers to a sickly creature, addicted to narcotics because of degeneracy, psychopathy, inadequacy and failure.

But not everyone who becomes an addict is a "righteous dope fiend."

SAYS Sutter: "His behavior pattern and his set of background experiences in urban America give him a unique style of life and a claim to fame.

"He rigorously uses the most expensive narcotics in the country. He is ranked by his colleagues as the most versatile of hustlers on the street scene, and 'squares' refuse to tolerate his existence."

Any addict, says Sutter, will admit privately his habit is a miserable burden.

"But on the social scene of a certain type of addict, there exists a pretense to be satisfied with or even proud of addiction. After repeated failures to permanently 'beat the habit,' craving for narcotics only becomes more intolerable, and addicts often feel that their condition is hopeless.

"If, however, an addict also participates in a certain type of group experience, he will privately think of himself as a 'dope fiend' and will publicly claim the status of a 'righteous dope fiend.'

"The term is used in social interaction by a special type of addict who wants to indicate that:

- He prefers heroin to any other drug and ranks himself above any other type of drug user.

- He has a working knowledge of an array of 'specialized hustles or rackets.

- He can be trusted never to disclose information about another colleague when trouble arises, and

- He is a life-long member of an elite social world of opiate users.

After describing an "addict subculture" developed in the U.S., Sutter goes on to describe the dope fiend's scene of action.

### The market place

"It is common knowledge that the supply for the heroin market has its roots in the poppy fields of Turkey.

"Opiates are transported across the desert from Syria to the laboratories in Lebanon, then to the southern tip of France by ship for refinement, back to Italy where various underworld entrepreneurs compete

for control of narcotics smuggling between the Near East and the East Coast docks . . .

"On the West Coast most of the heroin comes from farm lands in Mexico's two primary mountain chains, the Sierra Madre Occidental in the small state of Sinaloa.

"HERE opiates are refined into heroin and smuggled across the border by small independent dealers rather than by a few men who control most of the Eastern market.

"Since 'anybody with an automobile can be a narcotics peddler by driving to Mexico and purchasing any quantity he desires,' there is no demand for a syndicated operation.

"Thus, on the West Coast, a dope fiend himself can aspire to the top ranks of 'big time dope dealing'; while on the East Coast it is said that he is excluded from the upper echelons.

"Heroin moves fast through the city of Los Angeles and filters up through the Bay Area to Seattle. Un-

less dope fiends know 'the man who deals from the docks,' they will draw their daily supply of heroin from dope reservoirs 'created in certain city neighborhoods.'

### Prestige hierarchy

"Prestige in the hierarchy of a dope fiend's world," says Sutter, "is allocated by the size of a person's habit and his success as a hustler.

"All dope fiends dream of having a lifetime supply of heroin. All hustlers dream of living a life of luxury where they can openly display their wealth and occupational success.

"THE dope fiend does not 'trip' in the same sense as other types of drug users trip. By observing how other drugs affect the social demeanor and hustling style of other people, the dope fiend concludes that opiate use is top; other drug users must be con-

SUTTER believes the notion that addicts are "Snatch-and-grab junkies," "petty thieves and petty operators" who, status-wise, are at the bot-

tom of the criminal population may apply to certain addicts but not to righteous dope fiends.

Dope fiends use the term 'square' to indicate addicts who are unaware of different hustles, non-opiate users unable to support a respectable habit, and finally to indicate conventional people who do not use drugs.

"If a person has been a 'righteous hustler' as well as an addict, he can never make the claim to fame as a righteous dope fiend."

SUTTER says that the common notion that addicts are forced into crime to support a habit is "overdrawn and far-fetched."

"It presumes that anyone with a habit can commit profitable crimes at will," says Sutter.

"I did speak with one addict who 'forced' into crime after he realized his addiction. He was arrested eight times inside of a two-year period and hardly had time to develop a habit.

"Being quite miserable, he referred to himself as a 'freak dope fiend' who 'didn't even fit in dope fiend circles.'

"Righteous dope fiends appear more like respected professional men who boast of drinking a fifth of Scotch each day, not like bums who lay in the gutter drinking wine.

"TO be sure, after a dope fiend has struggled in the rat race for many years, he may become a 'snatch-and-grab junkie' or a 'gutter-hyp,' but the term 'hope to die dope fiend' not righteous dope fiend, indicates the way some addicts come to terms with a miserable existence in the rat race.

"It is true that many dope fiends are arrested for petty crimes, but if a person himself makes five 'stings' each day and has only two or three women who give him about \$40 each day, within a month his profit will exceed that gained from a systematic robbery.

"Till tappers and money burglars also demand respect. Those who go after property (boosters, merchandise burglars and fences) occupy the second level in the hierarchy.

"Game artists and gamblers rank third on the hustling scale; while strong arm robbers and thugs are not respected. Those who burglarize drug stores or operate shooting galleries aren't even discussed . . .

"EARLY in the morning, dope fiends gather in selected areas of the city in order to pick up hustling partners for the day.

"The big time hustler may appear on the scene and ask, 'Hey, anybody goin' to work today?' Others glance at him with amusement. 'Yeah, hey what are you doin' man? I didn't know you was out there gamin'.'

"Well, you know how it is," he replies with a slight feeling of embarrassment. If he stops dealing and loses a few of his 'bitches,' 'playing con' will be his next hustle, not 'boosting'; for he doesn't want too many people knowing that he is 'running.'

"Dealing heavy narcotics is an extremely lucrative enterprise and a preferred activity among hustlers.

"The big time dope dealer will buy 'stuff' in pound units \$3500 to \$4000 (pound) from 'runners' who bring heroin to the Bay Area from Los Angeles.

"THE heroin is cut with milk sugar at approximately two to six per cent pure heroin and distributed to other dealers at \$250 per ounce.

"The term 'pusher' is seldom, if

ever, used in dope fiend circles. The term is most often used by early adolescent drug users and scholars who probably pick the term up from newspaper accounts, TV and law enforcement personnel.

"Anyone who sells dope is a dealer; the level of traffic in which he operates is determined by the amount of dope handled.

"Thus a 'piece man' deals in ounces to a 'spoon man' who cuts the ounces and deals to a 'bag man.'

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who in turn may cut the spoons into \$10 balloons (1/4 to 1/2 gram).

"The majority of dope fiends on the street deal in 'big bags' or spoons containing two grams of heroin at a cost of \$40 to \$60 depending on the percentage of pure heroin.

"If a dope fiend is temporarily down and needs an immediate fix, he will often pitch in his money with three or four other 'hyps' in order to purchase a 'spoon.'

"A dealer may, in the course of a year, slide up and down the scale from pieces to small bags, but the prestige rests with the 'piece man.'

"The 'stuff man' seldom deals anything but heroin and crystal; although at lower levels of traffic, dope fiends may act in the capacity of a 'connector' to other drug markets, especially marijuana.

"A dope fiend moves so fast in the street that he may pass several people looking for 'weed.' In such cases, he may take their money, score a quarter pound for a friend, bring back his weed, and use the extra money to buy 'stuff' for his habit.

"For the most part, however, dope fiends do not make it a practice to handle marijuana; its bulk is too large, the profit is relatively small compared to 'stuff,' and the prison sentence is almost the same if arrested."

NEXT: The hustler at work



## THE EMERGENCE OF PAKISTAN

Chaudri Muhammad Ali

The ex-Prime-Minister of Pakistan writes of the tremendous upheaval that attended the establishment of the new sovereign states of India and Pakistan, and the momentous events in which he participated. He traces the origins of the conflict between Hindus and Muslims which proved insoluble by constitutional means and which even partition did not dissolve. Despite appalling bloodshed, Pakistan survived, and Muhammad Ali feels that the way in which it survived provides a lesson for other emerging nations. \$11.00

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George Gardner, Bay Guardian Co.

The Bay Guardian

June 29, 1967

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of desire  
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What is this incredible  
thing called man  
who presuming kind God  
not to scan  
Does nothing but eat  
and eat all he can.



WILLIAM F. CLAIRE

## A name, a debut

By John McConnell

The high point of the 1967 Spring Opera Season in San Francisco was the debut of one Francesca Roberto in "Cavalleria Rusticana." The name is to be remembered; it soon will be a household word among the cognoscenti.

Miss Roberto sang Santuzza as Santuzza has seldom been heard in San Francisco. Among the rarest of all opera performers — a lyric-dramatic soprano — she is inevitably compared with Renata Tebaldi of 15 years ago, and a much better actress than Renata ever thought of being. More important: when Miss Roberto sings against the full forte of orchestra and chorus, the thrust of her top range soars with the transcendental luster of Nilsson's Turandot. Succinctly, this IS a major talent, full blown. The name: FRANCESCA ROBERTO.

THE premiere of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" also revealed the blossoming of another major artist. She is stage directress Ghita Hager, wife of Paul Hager, upon whom we depend for many of our fall season productions. This is her first solo work in San Francisco and it beautifully displays her inborn sense of grand theatre.

Mrs. Hager is a former dancer—her most important work in San Francisco prior to the current season has been the choreography for the remarkable "Carmina Burana" of 1964; most of her stage actions are planned along choreographic flows. She has also learned a priceless bit from her husband about lighting.

Herbert Grossman, the conductor of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" was able to take advantage of the previous two weeks' work by Kritz and Samuel. Grossman led the orchestra as one cohesive unit, so smooth in "Cavalleria" and blended into the major stage action that the audience became unaware of its presence. This is the ultimate of operatic conducting.

GROSSMAN was less successful with "Tales of Hoffmann." It's a common failing to drag the second and third acts unmercifully. The haunting Venetian barcarolle easily becomes an end in itself rather than a part of the whole, with endless lingering over each waltzy triad.

San Francisco claims Grossman as a hometown boy; his musical muscles are developing with verve and ingenuity. He finally gets his big

## Opera

chance this fall with the full opera orchestra and "Manon Lescaut" starring Kirsten and Hofsvalvy. This will be one of the sleeper successes of an auspicious season.

Robert Commanday, criticizing Grossman in the Chronicle, makes the flat statement—completely out of touch with either the specific production or to the overall picture of San Francisco fine arts: "the orchestra . . . flubbed all evening," and "the musicians couldn't read Herman Grossman's beat . . ." Sorry, but professional musicians don't know what he is talking about.

Frankly, Mr. Commanday, you sit too close to the stage and orchestra; anyone occupying the first 10 rows of the Opera House is likely to receive a distorted picture of the composite sound. Your continued distortion is confirmed by the accolade given Nicholas di Virgilio, tenor for "Cavalleria" and "Tales of Hoffmann," to-wit, "he's four times Corelli."

Di Virgilio, singing the tenor tour-de-force of Hoffmann in "Tales of Hoffmann" truly turned out his best performance for San Francisco during the prologue and first act. As long as he stays within a relaxed narrative framework—as is required in the Prologue of "Tales"—di Virgilio sings a liquid, sonorous tone of utter brilliance.

## The movies tell us: there are sex problems in Sweden, not France

by Margo Skinner

"A Man and a Woman" (Vogue, San Francisco)  
"Loving Couples" (Bridge, San Francisco)  
"The Deadly Bees" (second-run houses)  
"The Vulture" (second-run houses)

I am probably the last living American film reviewer to have seen "A Man and a Woman," having deliberately avoided it for some time as probably another piece of tedious erotica. Considering the theatrical advertising in our daily papers, it gets increasingly difficult to tell the dirty movies from the art films.

Herewith, public apologies. "A Man and a Woman" is a beautiful and mature love story, done with consummate taste and feeling. As the widowed heroine, the beautiful Anouk Aimee is finally given a chance to really act. And Jean-Louis Trintignant is excellent as the widower she meets at the boarding school their children attend.

A virile, attractive man, he looks like Marlon Brando with a soul. The two kids are delightful, with none of the self-conscious cuteness of American juveniles. Pierre Barouh as the heroine's first husband, seen in flashbacks, is fine.

IT is not surprising that this film won the prize for best photography of the French Board of Film Technicians, in addition to the 1966 Cannes Festival award. Under Claude Lelouch's direction, the camera is an imaginative force.

He cuts back and forth between present and past in the memories of his central characters, and between their feelings when together and their actions when separated. There is an extraordinary veering from sepia to black to white to technicolor to suit locale and emotional content of the different scenes.

Thus, all shots of Miss Aimee working as script girl in the fantasy world of French films are in technicolor. The scenes of Trintignant driving in cross-country auto races are in black and white, newsreel-like. The big passionate love scene is shot in red.

Yes, there is sex in this film. But it is sex presented artistically as a vital part of a good love, rather than shown sensationally to con neurotics into the theater.

AT a recent European film festival, all new entries from France were love stories. A Frenchman, asked about this, responded, "We don't have sex problems in France."

Apparently in Sweden they do. "Loving Couples," the new Mai Zetterling effort, has no real loving at all. But there's something for everybody whose favorite bedside book is "Psychopathia Sexualis": child molesting, homosexuality, lesbianism, bisexuality, impotence and a peculiar syndrome in one of the female characters, an urge for surrogate motherhood, that makes her look forward to the birth of her niece's child by a man whom she, the aunt, loved years ago.

THERE are at least four stories of different women running concurrently, with lots of cutting back and forth, but I lost who was who, mainly because there was no real depth in any of the characters.

The focal point, if there is any, is a Midsummer celebration in a wealthy Swedish home, and the goings on are considerable, including a representation of oral intercourse. Kate Cameron of the New York Daily News comments that the film is "a series of shocks."

Well, this certainly seems the intention. I don't know, maybe I'm tough, but it didn't do a thing to me. None of it seemed very real. There is a good deal of female flesh exposed, and even more of school-girls' panties, and the climax of the picture, suitably set in a maternity hospital, presents a bewildered-looking baby arriving in the world. So?

## MOVIES

A.H. Weiler in the New York Times suggests that "Loving Couples" is a "reflection of moral decay . . . starkly, often erotically revealed." Well, Miss Zetterling may have been trying to out-Dolce La Vita, but Fellini's portrayal of decadent Roman society was sophisticated, coherent and above all concerned with human beings and human values.

Moving the locale from an Italian to a Swedish villa, pulling out all the stops, and imitating Bergman's photography don't add up to anything when the inside of the film is hollow. The effect is one of an arty, unexpurgated version of "Peyton Place."

If you're after real shocks, catch "The Deadly Bees," which left

downtown rather quickly for the second runs. It'll put you off honey for good. With a script by Robert Bloch (of "Psycho" fame) and good loud technicolor, this is a murder mystery in which the weapon is a swarm of killer bees, who sting to death in front of the audience's eyes (not mine: I put my coat over my head during goings-on like this) first a charming shaggy dog, then the uncharming wife of one of the two bee-keepers on a small island off the English coast.

SUSANNAH Leigh, as a pop singer sent there to recuperate from a breakdown(!), looks like every other current screen blonde, but gives a nice little performance. The rest of the cast is adequate, though Frank Finlay as one of the bee-fanciers looks like such a kook that nobody in their right mind would think of taking sanctuary with him.

"The Vulture," its companion feature, is something else. Also English made, it features that aging male ingenue Robert Hutton and two good actors, Broderick Crawford, who looks embarrassed about the whole thing, and Akim Tamiroff, who tries valiantly to create a real character, and almost does.

THIS is the kind of stuff the unsophisticated think is science fiction; but it's just corn, as any real s.f. fan can testify.



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# Do you, too, go imbecile when Ginger or Carol prances down the runway?

by Rolfe (POW!) Peterson

JUST as some people become imbeciles when they drive a car, theatre-goers become imbeciles when either Carol Channing or Ginger Rogers walks down the runway. Last year when Carol did it the audience went to pieces and I felt bad, because, much as I like the girl, she hadn't earned it. I felt worse this year when Ginger did it, because she milked the poor saps for even more unearned applause by repeating a little gesture of salute to the audience, a blatant trick commonly used by tumblers and magicians' assistants to draw extra applause. Seeing this year's crop of Dolly-lovers go into a paroxysm of enthusiasm to this stimulus-response diddling brought me the closest I've been to throwing up in a theatre since Ginger herself climaxed one of her old movies by delivering La Marseillaise as a dramatic reading.

GINGER really isn't bad in "Hello, Dolly!" But she does some terrible things, like gratuitously showing a still-shapely leg at one point just because it's about all she has left, and making the most asinine curtain speech in the history of the theatre. And most of the time she just forges ahead, a modified Carol Channing, with what the audience seemed to think was infectious enthusiasm, apparently under the delusion that it's her show.

In fact it belongs to David Burns from beginning to end. I recommend

this over-rated show solely on the strength of his remarkable performance as a funny meanie. While much of the show, the famous "Hello, Dolly" number for instance, is still as pretentious and stupid as ever—qualities endemic to everything in last year's production—the dullness is alleviated this year by such triumphs as "It Takes a Woman," in which, with crowds of young dancers doing Gower Champion leaps and tricks all over the stage, Burns steals every minute of the scene with little gestures and steps so casual that they seem to be only for his own diversion. He is a model of grace, economy, and comic style.

And if you stay for Ginger's curtain speech, be prepared to take notes: if your crowd likes camp humor, you'll be a hit reading it at parties.

As if to prove the futility of "Dolly's" 48 people in lavish costumes, the best musical comedy in town is being done by six people in about fifteen dollars worth of gingham and chinos and sweatshirts. The show is "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown," and the six young performers unpretentiously give us "Peanuts," the simple lines and situations just as Charlie Shultz conceived them for the comic strip, made modestly theatrical by a small but workable set, a few pleasant songs, an occasional baseball mitt, and a willingness to meet your imagination halfway but no further.

YOUR enjoyment of the show depends on your enjoyment of the world that Shultz has created for the comic strip. I wonder about some of it. Snoopy's World War I fantasies, for instance, often lose me, and Lucy's queen sequence goes on too long for the little humor it creates. But the weak parts come and go before any real damage is done, and the strong parts are so entertaining, both in laughs and in wise observations on the adult world that Shultz is really

## Theater

talking about through his child characters, that I remember the whole evening with nothing but pleasure.

I should warn you that the world of "Peanuts," like any highly personal world, is in constant danger of becoming precious and whimsical rather than funny and wise. I saw the editor of this newspaper scowling during the intermission, looking as I must have looked during Ginger's curtain speech. But anybody who accepts and likes "Peanuts"—and I presume that includes you—will delight in "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown."

MY final look at the ACT this season was "Our Town," a play I approach with trepidation because it's no longer very entertaining. Since Thornton Wilder first put the warm, small-town humor and young love of

the first two acts on the stage some 30 years ago, these people and situations have been turned into unbearable clichés by TV and movies. But in the third act, which is about death, Wilder hits you with some serious and thought-provoking ideas.

No role in the theatre calls for more personal charm than that of the Stage Manager in "Our Town." In a spotty production like this one, the play stands or falls on how you like the old guy. Richard Dysart has moments of success, as when he pantomimes the mixing of an ice cream soda with authority and a sense of comedy. But much of the time he's just a good actor, plodding away at his craft of gestures and expressions, and not being especially likeable. Even his costume annoys—a wrong tie, baggy brown trousers, black shoes. It's a clown costume.

The director, like most of the ACT directors, does too much without knowing why. He takes a charming and capable actress like Carol Teitel and, in a scene where she's merely supposed to suggest, without props, the mixing and cooking of pancakes, has her throw herself into the damndest, wildest mess of gesture you ever saw. Morbidly fascinated by this Drama Department demonstration of pantomime, you don't realize that the focus of attention is supposed to be on the scene taking place across the stage. It's college theatricals again. And that term describes some of the "New England accents," Ellen Geer's

sounding distinctly Southern at times, while Ray Reinhardt's keeps slipping into his impeccable stage English. I can't judge the accents of the minor actors who played the corpses because nothing they said could be heard.

Josephine Nichols was the one performer in "Our Town" who showed consistent charm and professionalism.

THIS "charm" I harp on doesn't come automatically with experience. America's most experienced and foremost acting couple since the Lunts were here in "A Delicate Balance," and they didn't have much of it either. Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn have both had it at times, she in "Streetcar Named Desire" and he in the movie "The Postman Always Rings Twice," but in this Albee play, portraying a middle-aged, dried-up marriage in a misery-ridden home, their lack of any ingratiating qualities made them difficult to care about. Albee often creates one charming character, like the drunken husband in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" who gets laughs with his cynical, sometimes poetic comments on everything. In "A Delicate Balance" it's the alcoholic sister, and Rosemary Murphy's performance brings out what charm there is.

One of Miss Tandy's least charming traits is her terribly affected speech, like that of the drama coach in an expensive private school for girls. Cronyn does better, giving his weak and ambiguous role more skill and charm really than it deserves. But too much is confusing, too much seems pointless. The symbolism is either too obvious ("You are not named for nothing, Claire!") or too enigmatic, the neighbor couple's Nameless Dread seeming less a meaningful symbol than an easy cop-out for a playwright who couldn't think of anything genuine to provide a little plot and movement.

PULITZER Prize or not, I harbor a suspicion that much of what passes for deep symbolism and poetic message in this play and others by Albee and Beckett and the other darlings is simply careless or precious improvisation. And when, despite Cronyn's—and even Miss Tandy's and Miss Murphy's—considerable skill, the rest of the cast is as weak as this one was, the essential emptiness of these theatrical parlor-puzzles is shown.

For a time there was the intellectual fun of the Intermission Guessing Game, but I'm beginning to wish for honest playwrights who have something to say and who say it to me, not to some Inner Circle. Lillian Hellman, where are you?

## CAN IT, FELLA

Canned elephant meat may shortly be introduced into the United States as dog food.

Chronicle News Item

Observe the lordly pachyderm.  
No jungle beast can make him squirm—

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And tigers show him no defiance;  
A dozen snapping crocodiles  
Do not shake Jumbo — he just smiles  
And takes his river shower in ease  
Without so much as saying "Please."  
In fact, one might say that the elephant  
Regards these dangers as irrelevant.

But now, alas, this noble beast  
Is doomed to make a canine feast —  
Ground up, no doubt, and mixed with bran  
And cooked and packed inside a can  
So that some yiping pooch might eat  
His daily dole of cheap red meat.  
Oh, dogs must live — don't get me wrong —  
But elephants just don't belong  
Inside some doggie dish of plastic!  
The whole idea makes me spastic.

Nay, elephants belong in zoos  
Or in the wild — not house pet stews.  
— Gerry Kloss, *The Milwaukee Journal*

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## The Photograph

By Phil Palmer

Brett Weston doesn't like to talk about his photographs. But they stand as emphatic personal statements and need no explanation. Nor does it really matter if they were made on earth or on Mars, near his home at Carmel or in the deserts of the Southwest.

Brett, like his noted father, the late Edward Weston, works with large view cameras, 8x10 in. and sometimes 11x14 in. film sizes. Both photographers capture the ultimate in details, textures, values and substance, and both compose to the edges of the negative surface.

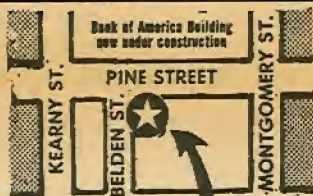
I first saw Brett's prints, before I knew Edward Weston had sons who were photographers, at the Julian

Levy Gallery in New York in the late 1930s. It was evident that there was a relationship between Brett's work and that of his father, but that Brett was very much his own man.

Brett concentrates on the forms and intimate details of the Western landscape, though he has also worked far from his home, with nature and the human figure. Brett's technique is of a dazzling brilliance, the sort he needed to present his vision.

Students of photography will be able to meet and work with Brett this summer at a photography workshop at the Esalen Institute at Big Sur from Aug. 27 through Sept. 1. View camera work will be stressed. Brett will lead daily field trips through Big Sur country. Enrollment will be limited to 20.

For further information, write Esalen Institute, Big Sur Hot Springs, Big Sur, Calif. 93920.



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## A conservative student plot to oust SF State's president

—continued from page 1

The BSU, led by militant Jimmy Garrett, does not play games. And Summerskill, who looks at the ever-increasing racial division in this country as a most critical problem plays no games either. He wants more Negro students on campus and maintains an open door for those who are there.

HE spent many hours this year working with and listening to Garrett. The BSU wants courses in Black Studies, off campus projects in ghetto areas, a no-nonsense role to play. They speak directly and without forked tongues.

They have no love for the white man. Their animosity is evident. Summerskill realizes the rules are changing, and he is able to adapt himself.

His student adversaries believe he doesn't understand the situation, that he is naive, that Garrett and his troops preach alienation and hate.

The two campus politicians, Bill Burnett and Ron Kinder, are both southlanders who insist they are not receiving outside financial help for their expensive trips and activities.

THEY have traveled to Sacramento to visit Rafferty and Lt. Gov. Finch (they did not try to see the governor), both ex officio state college trustees, to deliver their message in person. It was Rafferty who grabbed the issue and insisted on a report from Dumke.

Burnett, 27, has made a career of student politics at state and, after seven years there, knows the scene as well as anyone. He is State's Mark Hannah; speaker of the student legislature in 1963-64, unsuccessful candidate for president the next year; manager of two unsuccessful Kinder campaigns; behind-the-scenes boss of this year's winning "SHAPE UP" ticket, a coalition of middle-of-the-road and conservative students who dumped a liberal-radical slate then promptly fell apart.

Those who know Burnett describe him as a resentful, vindictive and vicious fighter. Several years ago, a dean suggested he couldn't be a student forever, that he try the cold, cruel world outside. That dean is No. 1 on the tall redhead's list.

KINDER, 23, is a smooth-talking political science graduate. The two live together in a fraternity house. Both plan to be back in action again this fall.

Although they claim to have no outside financial help, it is notable that they supplied about \$850 for the "Shape Up" campaign. No one asked where the money came from. Burnett ran the show and ran it well.

But when he won, he found himself with a renegade student body presi-

dent, Phil Garlington, a political opportunist who used his position on the campus newspaper to attack the previous liberal "in" party.

The break between Garlington and Kinder came over budgeting \$300,000 in compulsory student fees. Burnett for the past five years has been the most persistent opponent of the State trend to put student funds into community involvement, work/study programs, the Black Student Union and like projects.

Garlington contended that although there were some excesses in appropriating student funds, basic emphasis should remain in the area of community involvement instead of traditional "rah rah" activities.

DURING all this budget hurly burly, Summerskill kept silent; he felt it was a student fight.

The war heated during budget discussions in May. The central issue was an appropriation for a Black Communications Project to produce and film plays written by Negroes for use off campus in ghettos.

Le Roi Jones, white-hating poet and playwright, had been hired for two months for \$1,600 by a previous student administration to design the project at State.

The BSU felt that the student lawmakers were committed to providing the \$4422 to carry out Jones' plans. But Jones scared the new legislators to death and they wanted no part of him.

At one meeting of the legislature, students refused to vote funds; both whites and blacks opened up on each other with threats and cries of racism.

THE meeting was adjourned until the next day. Approval then was voted when two administrators and the faculty representative broke the deadlock.

That did it.

Prompted by Burnett and Kinder, 10 student legislators sent a letter on ASUC stationery to all trustees asking for a review of actions by the administration.

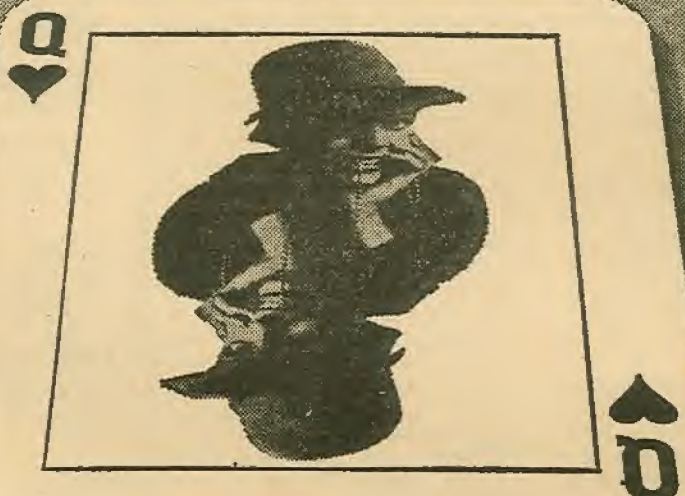
"We specifically charge the college administration of encouraging racism and countenancing intimidation and threats of violence," the letter said. It was accompanied by a position paper titled "Black Power at San Francisco State College."

The BSU, the document contends, has become increasingly militant while the "administration policy seems to be one of appeasement at every point." Pure Burnett-Kinder.

Garlington noted the letter was not an official action, that student body officers who didn't sign were refused copies and that he could not even get a file copy.

—continued on page 13

## GRAND OPENING



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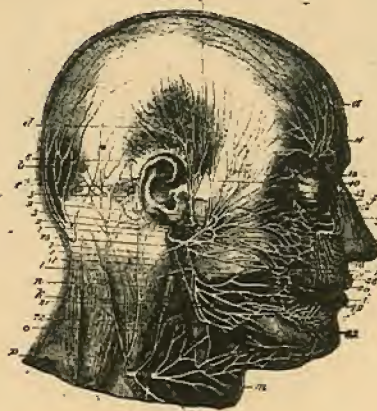
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—Sketches by Earl Thollander, Bay Guardian Co. 1967

A summer solstice celebration in the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. Two news-hawkers sell the Oracle, philosophical voice of Haight-Ashbury. Oak Street houses in the background.



1535 Haight St., unofficial city hall in Haight-Ashbury at the Psychedelic shop. The dog at left has been spattered with polka-dots.

## San Francisco's summer of love

By Creighton H. Churchill

Summer in San Francisco: These words now carry a magic once reserved for April in Paris or cherry blossom time in Japan. People actually come HERE to vacation, to "check the action;" for, in the argot, San Francisco is where it's at, where the good vibrations are generated.

The recent Summer Solstice celebration, staged throughout Golden Gate Park, was the summer's opening statement by our new artists, creators of San Francisco Mass Art.

Mass Art is the discipline that uses surging herds of people as a pigment and the screens and pages of the communications media as a canvass. The Haight-Ashbury tribes are the undisputed world masters of this news/art/evangelistic form.

San Francisco's first successful Mass Art happening was the now classic Human Be-In on the Golden Gate Polo Grounds. There the move was to combine the political avant-garde of Berkeley with the dropped-out, living avant-garde or "psychedelic utopians" of the Haight. It was an immense success — Hell's Angels lying down with the lambs.

Though similar, the Solstice festival, had much better spirit and clan, true to the Haight-Ashbury-Diggers' code of fun and happiness for everybody in sight.

All the top Haight bands played, in three separate areas, and the local gentry walked around with flowers and things to share. The Diggers cooked food and gave away hamburgers and hot dogs.

Though crowds were larger than the Be-In's 15,000 or so, there was no trouble, and police ignored thousands of people smoking pot in full public view.

Several Negro policeman on horseback rode around the crowds, the theory being that Negro cops and hippies get on better than do Irish Catholic cops and hippies — and everybody loves horses. The Summer of Love was off to a dashing start.



A typical Haight-Ashbury promenade outside Connie's, the area's oldest restaurant.



I + Thou Coffee House, Haight Street

An old-time Haight-Ashbury resident (left) diffidently passes the action in front of the I and Thou, the area's first coffee house.